POPULAR TALES.

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BY

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MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL TANJORE

VOL: I.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL
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PREFACE.

Some author says that a good book needs no apology; and, as a preface is usually an apology, a book enters into the world with a better grace without one. I, however, appeal to those readers who are not gluttons, but epicures in literature, whether they do not wish to see the bill of fare. I appeal to monthly critics whether a preface that gives a view of the pretensions of the writer is not a good thing? The author may over-value his subject, and very naturally may over-rate the man-

ner in which it is treated: but still he will explain his views, and facilitate the useful and necessary art which the French call *reading with the thumb.*— We call this *hunting a book*, a term certainly invented by a sportsman. I leave the reader to chuse which he pleases, whilst I lay before him the contents and design of these volumes.

BURKE supposes that there are eighty thousand readers in Great Britain, nearly one hundredth part of its inhabitants! Out of these we may calculate that ten thousand are nobility, clergy, or gentlemen of the learned professions. Of seventy thousand readers which remain, there are many who might be amused and instructed by books, which were not professedly adapted to the classes that have been enumerated. With this

[library stamp: ... MAHARAJA SARASWATI MAHAL ... THANJAVUR ...]

view the following volumes have been composed. The title of "POPULAR TALES" has been chosen not as a presumptuous and premature claim to popularity, but from the wish that they may be current beyond circles which are sometimes exclusively considered as polite.

The art of printing has opened to all classes of people various new channels of entertainment and information.—Amongst the ancients, wisdom required austere manners and a length of beard to command attention; but in our days instruction, in the dress of innocent amusement, is not denied admittance amongst the wise and good of all ranks. It is therefore hoped that a succession of stories, adapted to different ages, sexes and situations in life, will

not be rejected by the public, unless they offend against morality, tire by their sameness, or disgust by their imitation of other writers *.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

EDGEWORTH'S TOWN, FEB. 1804.

* Whatever merit the heads of the chapters in the following stories may have, it must be attributed to the editor, as they were inserted by him.

R. L. E.

SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

ERRATA,

Occasioned by the Author's Absence from the Press.

VOL. I.

Page. Line.

9, 11, *for* upon earth, *read* upon the surface of the earth.

9, 11, *for* though earth, *read* though the surface of the earth.

68, 11, *for* were, *read* was.

244, 25, *for* churchwarden, *read* verger. et passim.

334, 11 and 12, *for* tell whose livery, and whose carriage this and that was, *read* tell to whom this livery or that carriage belonged.

343, 21, *for* so, *read* thus.

370, 9, *read* by thinking.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LAME JERVAS.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

LAME JERVAS.

CHAPTER I.

Both Sides positive.

SOME years ago, a lad of the name of William Jervas, or as he was called from his lameness, Lame Jervas, whose business it was to tend the horses in one of the Cornwall tin-mines, was missing. He was left one night in a little hut, at one end of the mine, where he always slept: but, in the morning, he could no where be found, and this, his sudden disappearance, gave rise to a number of strange and ridiculous stories among the miners. The most rational, however, concluded that the lad, tired of his situation, had made his escape during the night. It was certainly rather surprising that he could

no where be traced; but, after the neighbours had wondered and talked for some time about it, the circumstance was by degrees forgotten. The name of William Jervas was scarcely remembered by any, except two or three of the oldest miners, when, twenty years afterward, there came a party of gentlemen and ladies to see the mines; and, as the guide was shewing the curiosities of the place, one among the company, a gentleman of about six and thirty years of age, pointed to some letters that were carved on the rock, and asked, 'Whose name was written there?' 'Only the name of one William Jervas,' answered the guide; 'a poor lad, who ran away from the mines a great long while ago.' 'Are you sure that he ran away?' said the gentleman. 'Yes,' answered the guide, 'sure and certain I am of that.' "Not at all sure or certain of any such thing," cried one of the oldest of the miners, who interrupted the guide, and then related all that he knew, all that he had heard, and

all that he imagined and believed concerning the sudden disappearance of Jervas; concluding by positively assuring the stranger, that the ghost of the said Jervas was often seen to walk, slowly, in the long west gallery of the mine with a blue taper in his hand.—"I will take my bible oath," added the man, "that, about a month after he was missing, I saw the ghost, just as the clock struck twelve, walking slowly, with the light in one hand, and a chain dragging after him in t'other; and he was coming straight towards me, and I ran away into the stables to the horses; and from that time forth I've taken special good care never to go late in the evening to that there gallery, or near it: for I never was so frightened, above or under ground, in all my born days!"

The stranger, upon hearing this story, burst into a loud fit of laughter; and, on recovering himself, he desired the ghost-seer to look stedfastly in his face, and to tell whether he bore any resemblance to

the ghost that walked with the blue taper in the west gallery.—The miner stared for some minutes, and answered, "No; he that walks in the gallery is clear another guess sort of a person; in a white jacket, a leather apron, and ragged cap, like what Jervas used to wear in his life time; and, moreover, he limps in his gait, as lame Jervas always did, I remember well." The gentleman walked on, and the miners observed, what had before escaped their notice, that he limped a little; and, when he came again to the light, the guide, after considering him very attentively, said, "If I was not afraid of affronting the like of a gentleman such as your honor, I should make bold for to say that you be very much—only a deal darker complexioned—you be very much of the same sort of person as our lame Jervas used for to be." "Not at all like our lame Jervas," cried the old miner, who professed to have seen the ghost, "no more like to him than *Black-Jack* to *Blue-John*." The by-standers

laughed at this comparison; and the guide, provoked at being laughed at, sturdily maintained that not a man that wore a head in Cornwall should laugh him out of his senses. Each party now growing violent in support of his opinion, from words they were just coming to blows, when the stranger at once put an end to the dispute, by declaring that he was the very man. "Jervas!" exclaimed they all at once, "Jervas alive!—our lame Jervas turned gentleman!"

The miners could scarcely believe their eyes, or their ears, especially when, upon following him out of the mine, they saw him get into a handsome coach, and drive toward the mansion of one of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who was a proprietor of the mine.

CHAPTER II.

Evil Consequences of Oppression.

THE next day, all the head miners were invited to dine in tents, pitched in a field near this gentleman's house. It was fine weather and harvest time: the guests assembled, and in the tents found abundance of good cheer provided for them.

After dinner, Mr. R——, the master of the house, appeared, accompanied by lame Jervas, drest in his miner's old jacket and cap. Even the ghost-seer acknowledged that he now looked wonderful like himself. Mr. R——, the master of the house, filled a glass, and drank —"Welcome home to our friend Mr. Jervas; and may good faith always meet with good fortune." The toast went round, each drank, and repeated "Welcome home to our friend Mr. Jervas; and may good faith always meet with good fortune!"

Indeed, what was meant by the good-faith, or the good-fortune, none could guess; and many in whispers, and some aloud, made bold to ask for an explanation of the toast.

Mr. Jervas, on whom all eyes were fixed, after thanking the company for their *welcome home*, took his seat at the table; and, in compliance with Mr. R's request, and the wishes of all present, related to them his story nearly in the following manner:

'Where I was born, or who were my parents, I do not well know myself: nor can I recollect who was my nurse, or whether I was ever nursed at all: but, luckily, these circumstances are not of much importance to the world. The first thing which I can distinctly remember is the being set, along with a number of children of my own age, to pick and wash loose ore of tin mixed with the earth, which in those days we used to call *shoad*; or *squad*:—I don't know what you call it now."

"We call it *squad* to this day, master;" interrupted one of the miners.

'I might be at this time I suppose,' continued the gentleman, 'about five or six years old; and, from that time till I was thirteen, I worked in the mine where we were yesterday. From the bottom of my heart I rejoice that the times are bettered for youngsters, since then; for I know I had a hard life of it.

'My good master, here, never knew any thing of the matter; but I was cruelly used, by those under him. First the old woman—Betty Morgan, I think was her name—who set us our tasks of picking and washing the *squad*, was as cross as the rheumatism could make her. She never picked an ounce herself, but made us do her heap for her among us; and, I being the youngest, it was shoved down to me. Often and often my day's wages were kept back, not having done this woman's task; and I did not dare to tell my master the truth, lest she should beat me. But, God rest her soul! she was an

angel of light, in comparison with the *trap-door-keeper*, who was my next tyrant.

'It was our business to open and shut certain doors, that were placed in the mine for letting in air to the different galleries: but my young tyrant left them every one to me to take care of; and I was made to run, to and fro, till I had scarcely breath in my body,—whilst every miner in turn was swearing at me for the idlest little fellow upon earth; though earth, alas! was a place on which I had never yet set my foot.

'In my own defence, I made all the excuses I could think of; and, from excuses, I went on to all kinds of deceit: for tyranny and injustice always produce cunning and falsehood.

'One day, having shut all the doors on my side of the mine, I left three open on my companion's side. The men, I thought, would not go to work on that side of the mine for a day or two: but in this I was mistaken; and about noon I was alarmed by the report of a man having been

killed, in one of the galleries, for want of fresh air.

'The door-keepers were summoned before the overseer; or, as you call him, the viewer: I was the youngest, and the blame was all laid upon me. The man, who had only swooned, recovered; but I was thrashed and thrashed, for the neglect of another person, till the viewer was tired.

'A weary life I led afterwards, with my friend the door-keeper; who was enraged against me for having told the truth.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

CHAPTER III.

Misfortune, Benevolence, and good Example, the Parents of many Virtues.

'IN process of time, as I grew stronger and bigger, I was set to other work. First, I was employed at the barrow; and then a pick-axe and a *gad** were put into my hands; and I thought myself a great man. It was my fate to fall among the idlest set in the mine. I observed that those men who worked by task, and who had the *luck* to hit upon easy beds of the rock, were not obliged to work more than three or four hours a day: they got high wages, with little labour; and they spent their money jollily above-ground in the alehouses, as I heard. I did not know that these jolly fellows often left their wives and families starving, while they were getting drunk.

* A gad is a tool used in mines: it resembles a smith's punch.

'I longed for the time when I should be a man, and do as I saw others do. I longed for the days when I should be able to drink, and be idle; and, in the mean time, I set all my wits to work to baffle and over-reach the viewer.

'I was now about fourteen; and, had I grown up with these notions and habits, I must have spent my life in wretchedness, and I should probably have ended my days in a work-house: but, fortunately for me, an accident happened, which made as great a change in my mind as in my body.

'One of my companions bribed me, with a strong dram, to go down into a hole in the mine to search for his *gad*; which he, being half intoxicated, had dropped. My head could not stand the strength of the dram which he made me swallow to give me courage; and, being quite insensible to the danger, I took a leap down a precipice which I should have shuddered to look at, if I had not lost my recollection.

'I soon came to my senses, for I broke my leg; and it is wonderful I did not break my neck, by my fall. I was drawn up by cords, and was carried to a hut in the mine, near the stables; where I lay in great pain.

'My master was in the mine at the time the accident happened; and, hearing where I was, he had the goodness to come directly to me himself, to let me know that he had sent for a surgeon.

'The surgeon, who lived in the neighbourhood, was not at home; but there was then upon a visit at my master's a Mr. Y——, an old gentleman who had been a surgeon; and, though he had for many years left off practice, he no sooner heard of the accident that had happened to me than he had the goodness to come down into the mine, to set my leg.

'After the operation was over, my master returned to tell me that I should want for nothing. Never shall I forget the humanity with which he treated me. I do not remember that I had ever heard

him speak to me, before this time; but, now, his voice and manner were so full of compassion, and kindness, that I looked up to him as to a new sort of being.

'His goodness wakened and warmed me to a sense of gratitude—the first virtuous emotion I was conscious of having ever felt.

'I was attended with the greatest care, during my illness, by the benevolent surgeon, Mr. Y——. The circumstance of my having been intoxicated, when I took the leap, had been concealed by the man who gave me the dram; who declared that I had fallen by accident, as I was looking down the hole for a *gad* that I had dropped. I did not join in this falsehood; for, the moment my master spoke to me with so much goodness about my mishap, my heart opened to him, and I told him just how the thing happened.

'Mr. Y—— also heard the truth from me; and I had no cause to repent of having told it, for this gave him as he said, hopes that I might turn out well;

and was the cause of his taking some pains to instruct me.—He observed to me that it was a pity a lad like me should, so early in my days, take to dram-drinking; and he explained the consequences of intemperance, of which I had never before heard or thought.

'While I was confined to my bed, I had leisure for many reflexions. The drunken and brutal, among the miners, with whom I formerly associated, never came near me in my illness; but the better sort used to come and see me often; and I began to take a liking to their ways, and to wish to imitate them.

'As they stood talking over their own affairs in my hut, I learned how they laid out their time, and their money; and I now began to desire to have, as they had, a little garden, and property of my own, for which I knew I must work hard. So I rose from my bed with very different views from those which I had when I was laid down upon it; and from this time forward I kept company with the sober and industrious, as much as I could. I

saw things with different eyes: formerly, I used, like my companions, to be ready enough to take any advantage, that lay in my way, of my employer; but my gratitude to him, who had befriended me in my helpless state, wrought such a change in me that I now took part with my master on all occasions, and could not bear to see him wronged—so gratitude first made me honest.

'My master would not let the viewer turn me out of the work, as he wanted to do, because I was lame and weak, and not able to do much.—"Let him have the care of my horses in the stable," said my master—"he can do something. I don't want to make money of poor *lame Jervas*. So, as long as he is willing to work, he shall not be turned out to starve."—These were his very words; and, when I heard them, I said in my heart—"God bless him!"—And, from that time forth, I could, as I thought, have fought with the stoutest man in the mine that said a word to his disparagement.

'Perhaps my feeling of attachment to him was the stronger because he was, I may say, the first person then in the world who had ever shewn me any tenderness; and the only one from whom I felt sure of meeting with justice.

CHAPTER IV.

A Discovery, grateful Feelings, and strong Fears.

"ABOUT this time, as I was busied in the stable, unperceived by them, I saw through a window, a party of the miners, amongst whom were several of my old associates at work opposite to me. Suddenly, one of them gave a shout;—then all was hushed:—they threw down their tools, huddled together, and I judged by the keenness of their looks that they knew they had made some valuable discovery. I farther observed that, instead of begin

ning to work the vein, they covered it up immediately with rubbish, and defaced the *country* with their pick-axes; so that, to look at it, no one could have suspected there was any *load* to be found near. I also saw them secrete a lump of spar, in which they had reason to guess there were Cornish diamonds, as they call them, and they carefully hid the bits of *kellus**, which they had picked out, lest the viewer should notice them, and suspect the truth.

'From all this, the whispering that went on, and the pains they took to chace or entice the overseer away from this spot, I conjectured they meant to keep their discovery a secret, that they might turn it to their own advantage.

'There was a passage out of the mine, known only to themselves, as they thought, through which they intended to convey all the newly found ore. This passage, I

* *Kellus* is the miner's name for a substance like a white soft stone; which lies above the fluor or spar, near to a vein.

should observe, led through an old gallery in the mine, along the side of the mountain, immediately up to the surface of the earth; so that you could, by this way, come in and out of the mine without the assistance of the *gin*, by which people and ore are usually let down, or drawn up.

'I made myself sure of my facts by searching this passage, in which I found plenty of their purloined treasure. I then went up to one of the party, whose name was Clarke, and, drawing him aside, ventured to expostulate with him. Clarke cursed me for a spy; and then knocked me down, and returned to tell his associates what I had been saying, and how he had served me. They one and all swore that they would be revenged upon me, if I gave the least hint of what I had seen to our master.

'From this time they watched me, whenever he came down amongst us, lest I should have an opportunity of speaking o him; and they never, on any account, would suffer me to go out of the mine.

Under pretence that the horses must be looked after, and that no one tended them so well as I did, they contrived to keep me prisoner night and day; hinting to me pretty plainly that, if I ever again complained of being thus *shut up*, I should not long be buried *alive*.

'Whether they would have gone the lengths they threatened I know not: perhaps they threw out these hints only with a design to intimidate me, and so to preserve their secret. I confess I was alarmed; but there was something in the thought of shewing my good master how much I was attached to his interests that continually prevailed over my fears; and my spirits rose with the reflection that I, a poor insignificant lad, I, that was often the scoff and laughing stock of the miners, I, that went by the name of *lame Jervas*, I, who they thought could be bullied to any thing by their threats, might do a nobler action than any man amongst them would have the courage to do in my place. Then the kindness of my master,

and the words he said about me to the viewer, came into my memory; and I was so worked up that I resolved, let the consequence be what it might, I would, living or dying, be faithful to my benefactor.

'I now waited anxiously for an opportunity to speak to him; and, if I did but hear the sound of his voice at a distance, my heart beat violently. "You little know," thought I, "that there is one here, whom perhaps you quite forget, who is ready to hazard his life to do you a service."

'One day, as he was coming near the place where I was at work, rubbing down a horse, he took notice that I fixed my eyes very earnestly upon him; and he came closer to me, saying, "I am glad to see you better, Jervas:—do you want any thing?" 'I want for nothing, thank you, Sir;—but,'—and as I said *but*, I looked round, to see who was near. Instantly Clarke, one of the gang, who had his eye upon us, called me; and dispatched

me, on some errand, to a distant part of the mine. As I was coming back, however, it was my good fortune to meet my master by himself in one of the galleries. I told him my secret, and my fears. He answered me only with a nod, and these words: "Thank you—trust to me—make haste back to those that sent you."

'I did so; but I fancy there was something unusual in my manner or countenance, which gave alarm; for, at the close of the day, I saw Clarke and the gang whispering together; and I observed that they refrained from going to their secret treasure the whole of the day. I was in great fear that they suspected me; and that they would take immediate and perhaps bloody revenge.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER V.

Goodness, the best of Guardians.

'THESE fears encreased when I found myself left alone in my hut at night; and, as I lay quite still, but broad awake, in my bed, I listened to every sound, and once or twice started up, on hearing some noise near me; but it was only the horses moving in the stable, which was close to my hut.—I lay down again, laughing at my own fears, and endeavoured to compose myself to sleep, reflecting that I had never, in my life, more reason to sleep with a safe conscience.

'I then turned round, and fell into a sweet sound sleep: but from this I was suddenly roused, by a noise at the door of my hut. "It is only the horses again," thought I, but opening my eyes, I saw a light under the door. I rubbed my eyes,

hoping I had been in a dream: the light disappeared, and I thought it was my fancy. As I kept my eyes, however, turned towards the door, I saw a light again through the key-hole; and the latch was pulled up: the door was then softly pushed inwards, and I saw on the wall the large shadow of a man with a pistol in his hand. My heart sunk within me, and I gave myself up for lost. The man came in: he was muffled up in a thick coat, his hat was slouched, with a lantern in his hand. Which of the gang it was I did not know: but I took it for granted, that it was one of them come with intent to murder me. Terror at this instant left me; and starting upright in my bed, I exclaimed—"I'm ready to die! I die in a good cause! Give me five minutes to say my prayers!" and I fell upon my knees. The man standing silent beside the bed, with one hand upon me, as if afraid I should escape from him.

'When I had finished my short prayer, I looked up towards my murderer, expect-

ing the stroke: but, what was my surprise and joy, when, as he held the lantern up to his face, I beheld—the countenance of my master, smiling upon me with the most encouraging benevolence. "Awake Jervas," said he, "and try if you can find out the difference between a friend and an enemy. Put on your clothes as fast as you can, and shew me the way to this new vein."

'No one ever was sooner dressed than I was: I led the way to the spot, which was covered up with rubbish, so that I was some time clearing out an opening, my master assisting me all the while: for, as he said, he was impatient to get me out of the mine safe, as he did not think my apprehensions wholly without foundation. The light of our lantern was scarcely sufficient for our purpose; but, when we came to the vein, my master saw enough to be certain that I was in the right. We covered up the place as before, and he noted the situation, so that he could be sure to find it again. Then I shewed him

the way to the secret passage; but this passage he knew already; for by it he had descended into the mine this night.

'As we passed along, I pointed out the heaps of ore, which lay ready to be carried off. "It is enough, Jervas," said he, clapping his hand upon my shoulder; you have given me proof sufficient of your fidelity. Since you were so ready to die in a good cause, and that cause mine, it is my business to take care you shall live by it:—So follow me out of this place directly; and I will take good care of you, my honest lad."

'I followed him with quick steps, and a joyful heart: he took me home with him to his own house, where he said I might sleep for the rest of the night, secure from all fear of murderers; and so, shewing me into a small closet within his own bedchamber, he wished me a good night; desiring me, if I waked early, not to open the window shutters of my room, nor go to the window, lest some of his people should see me.

'I lay down, for the first time in my life, upon a feather-bed; but, whether it was from the unusual feeling of the soft bed, or from the hurry of mind in which I had been kept, and the sudden change of my circumstances, I could not sleep a wink all the remainder of the night.

'Before day-break, my master came into my room, and bid me rise, put on the clothes which he brought me, and follow him without making any noise. I followed him out of the house before any body else was awake; and he took me across the fields towards the high road. At this place we waited, till we heard the tinkling of the bells of a team of horses. "Here comes the waggon," said he, "in which you are to go. I have taken every possible precaution to prevent any of the miners, or people in the neighbourhood, from tracing you; and you will be in safety at Exeter, with my friend, Mr. Y——, to whom I am going to send you.—Take this," continued he, putting a letter directed to Mr. Y—— into my

hand; "and here are five guineas for you. I shall desire Mr. Y—— to pay you an annuity of ten guineas out of the profits of the new vein, provided it turns out well, and you do not turn out ill. So fare you well, Jervas. I shall hear how you go on; and I only hope you will serve your next master, whoever he may be, as faithfully as you have served me."

'I shall never find so good a master, was all I could say for the soul of me; for I was quite overcome by his goodness and by sorrow at parting with him, as I then thought, for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

First views of Nature; and primitive Sensations. The Good are sure Guides.

'THE morning clouds began to clear away; I could see my master at some distance, and I kept looking after him, as the waggon went on slowly, and as he walked fast away over the fields: but, when I had lost sight of him, my thoughts were forcibly turned to other things. I seemed to awake to quite a new scene, and new feelings. Buried under ground in a mine, as I had been from my infancy, the face of nature was totally unknown to me.

"We shall have a brave fine day of it, I hope and trust," said the waggoner, pointing with his long whip to the rising sun.

'He went on, whistling, whilst I, to whom the rising sun was a spectacle wholly surprising, started up in astonish-

ment! I know not what exclamations I uttered, as I gazed upon it; but I remember the waggoner burst out into a loud laugh. "*Lud a marcy*," said he, holding his sides, "to hear *un*, an look at *un*, a body would think the oaf had never seen the sun rise afore in all his born days!"

'Upon this hint, which was nearer the truth than he imagined, recollecting that we were still in Cornwall, and not out of the reach of my enemies, I drew myself back into the waggon, lest any of the miners, passing the road to their morning's work, might chance to spy me out.

'It was well for me that I took this precaution; for we had not gone much farther when we met a party of the miners: and, as I sat wedged up in a corner behind a heap of parcels, I heard the voice of Clarke, who asked the waggoner as he passed us, "What o'clock it might be?" I kept myself quite snug till he was out of sight; nay, long afterwards, I was content to sit within the waggon, rather than venture out; and I amused myself

with listening to the bells of the team, which jingled continually.

'On our second day's journey, however, I ventured out of my hiding place: I walked with the waggoner up and down the hills, enjoying the fresh air, the singing of the birds, and the delightful smell of the honey-suckles and the dog-roses in the hedges. All these wild flowers, and even the weeds on the banks by the wayside, were to me matters of wonder and admiration. At every step, almost, I paused to observe something that was new to me; and I could not help feeling surprise at the insensibility of my fellow-traveller, who plodded on, seldom interrupting his whistling, except to cry "gee, Blackbird, aw, woa;" or, "how now, Smiler;" and certain other words or sounds of menace and encouragement, addressed to his horses in a language which seemed intelligible to them and to him, though utterly incomprehensible to me.

'Once, as I was in admiration of a plant, whose stem was about two feet

high, and which had a round shining pale purple beautiful flower, the waggoner, with a look of extreme scorn, exclaimed, "Help thee, lad, does not thee know 'tis a common thistle? Didst thee not know that a thistle would prick thee?" continued he, laughing at the face I made when I touched the prickly leaves; "Why my horse, Dobbin, has more sense by half! he is not like an ass, hunting for thistles."

'After this, the waggoner seemed to look upon me as very nearly an ideot. Just as we were going into the town of Plymouth, he eyed me from head to foot, and muttered, "The lad's beside himself, sure enough." In truth, I believe I was a droll figure; for my hat was stuck full of weeds, and of all sorts of wild flowers; and both my coat and waistcoat pockets were stuffed out with pebbles, and fungusses.

'Such an effect, however, had the waggoner's contemptuous look upon me, that I pulled the weeds out of my hat, and threw down all my treasure of peb-

bles before we entered the town. Nay, so much was I overawed, and in such dread was I of passing for an ideot, that when we came within view of the sea, in the fine harbour of Plymouth, I did not utter a single exclamation; although I was struck prodigiously at this, my first sight of the ocean, as much almost as I had been at the spectacle of the rising sun. I just ventured, however, to ask my companion some questions about the vessels, which I beheld sailing on the sea, and the shipping with which the bay was filled. But he answered coldly, "They be nothing in life but the boats and ships, man: them that see them for the farst time, are often struck all on a heap, as I've noticed, in passing by here: but I've seen it all a many and a many times." So he turned away, went on chewing a straw, and seemed not a whit more moved with admiration than he had been at the sight of my thistle.

'I conceived a high opinion of a man who had seen so much that he could ad-

mire nothing; and he preserved and increased my respect for him, by the profound silence which he maintained, during the five succeeding days of our journey: he seldom or ever opened his lips, except to inform me of the names of the towns through which we passed. I have since reflected it was fortunate for me that I had such a supercilious fellow-traveller on my first journey; for he made me at once thoroughly sensible of my own ignorance, and extremely anxious to supply my deficiencies, and to find one who would give some other answer to my questions, than a smile of contempt, or, "*I do na knaw, I say.*"

'We arrived at Exeter at last; and with much ado I found my way to Mr. Y——'s house. It was evening when I got there; and the servant, to whom I gave the letter, said he supposed Mr. Y—— would not see me that night, as he liked to have his evenings to himself; but he took the letter, and in a few mi-

nutes returned, desiring me to follow him up stairs.

'I found the good old gentleman and some of his friends in his study, with his children about him; one little chap on his knee, another climbing on the arm of his chair, and two bigger lads were busy looking at a glass tube, which he was shewing them when I came in. It does not become me to repeat the handsome things he said to me, upon reading over my good master's letter; but he was very gracious to me, and told me that he would look out for some place or employment that would suit me; and, in the mean time, that I should be welcome to stay in his house, where I should meet with the good treatment (which he was pleased to say) I deserved. Then, observing that I was overcome with bashfulness, at being looked at by so many strangers, he kindly dismissed me.

'The next day he sent for me again to his study, when he was alone; and asked me several questions, seeming pleas-

ed with the openness and simplicity of my answers. He saw that I gazed, with vast curiosity, at several objects in the room, which were new to me; and, pointing to the glass tube, which he had been shewing the boys when I first came in, he asked me if they had such things as that in our mines; and if I knew the use of it? I told him I had seen something like it in our overseer's hands; but that I had never known its use. It was a thermometer: Mr. Y—— took great pains to shew me how, and on what occasions, this instrument might be useful.

'I saw I had now to do with a person who was somewhat different from my friend the waggoner; and I cannot express the surprise and gratitude I felt, when I found that he did not think me quite a fool. Instead of looking at me with scorn, as one *very nearly an idiot*, he answered my questions with condescension; and sometimes was so good as to add, "That's a sensible question my lad."

'While we were looking at the ther

mometer, he found out that I could not read the words, *temperate, freezing point, boiling water heat, &c.* which were written upon the ivory scale, in small characters. He took that occasion to point out to me the use and advantages of knowing how to read and write; and he told me that, as I wished to learn, he would desire the writing-master, who came to attend his young grand son, to teach me.

" I shall not detain you with a journal of my progress, through my spelling-book, and copy-books: it is enough to say that I applied with diligence, and soon could write my name in rather more intelligible characters than those in which the name of Jervas is cut on the rock, that we were looking at yesterday.

' My eagerness to read the books which he put into my hands, and the attention which I paid to his lessons, pleased my writing-master so much that he took a pride, as he said, " *in bringing me forward as fast as possible.*"

' And here, I must confess, he was ra-

ther imprudent, in the warmth of his commendations: my head could not stand them: as much as I was humbled and mortified by my waggoner's calling me *an idiot*, so much was I elated by my writing-master's calling me *a genius*. I wrote some very bad lines in praise of a thistle, which I thought prodigiously fine; because my writing-master looked surprised, when I shewed them to him; and because he told me that, having given a copy of them to some gentlemen in Exeter, they agreed that the rhymes were *wonderful for me*.

'I was at this period very nearly spoiled for life; but fortunately my friend Mr. Y—— saw my danger, and cured me of my conceit, without damping my ardour to acquire knowledge. He took me to the books in his study, and shewed me many volumes of fine poems which had been written; pointing out some passages to me that greatly diminished my admiration of my own lines on the thistle. The vast distance, which I perceived between myself and these writers, threw me into

despair. Mr. Y—— seeing me thoroughly abashed, observed that he was glad to find I saw the difference between bad and good poetry; and pointed out to me, it was not likely, if I turned my industry to writing verses, that I should ever either earn my bread or equal those who had enjoyed greater advantages of leisure and education. " But Jervas," continued he, " I commend you for your application, and quickness in learning to write and read, in so short a time: you will find both these qualifications of great advantage to you. Now, I advise you, turn your thoughts to something that may make you useful to other people. You have your bread to earn; and this you can only do by making yourself useful in some way or other. Look about you, and you will see that I tell you truth. You may perceive that the servants, in my house, are all useful to me; and that I pay them for their services. The cook, who can dress my dinner, the baker, who bakes bread for me, the smith who knows how to shoe

my horses, the writing-master, who undertakes to teach my children to write, can all earn money for themselves, and make themselves independent. And you may remark that, of all those I have mentioned, the writing-master is the most respected, and the best paid. There are some kinds of knowledge, and some kinds of labour, that are more highly paid for than others. But I have said enough to you, Jervas, for the present: I do not want to lecture you, but to serve you. You are a young lad, and have had no experience: I am an old man, and have had a great deal: so perhaps my advice may be of some use to you."

'His advice was indeed of the greatest use to me: every word he said sunk into my mind. I wish those who give advice to young people, especially to those in a lower station than themselves, would follow this gentleman's example; and, instead of haranguing with the haughtiness of superior knowledge, would speak with such kindness as to per-

suade at the same time that they convince.

CHAPTER VII.

Enterprize leads to good Fortune. A rational Explanation of a Ghost.

'THE very day that Mr. Y—— spoke to me in this manner, he called me, that I might tell his eldest son the names which we miners give to certain fossils, that had been sent him from Cornwall; and, after observing to his son that this knowledge would be useful to him, he begged me to tell him exactly how the tin mine, in which I had been employed, was worked. This I did, as well as I was able; and, imperfect as my description was, it entertained the boys so much that I determined to try to make a sort of model of the tin-mine, for their amusement.

'But this I found no easy task; my remembrance, even of the place in which

I had lived all my life, was not sufficiently exact to serve me, as to the length, height, breadth, &c. of the different parts; and, though Mr. Y—— had a good collection of fossils, I was at a loss, for want of materials, to represent properly the different strata, and veins: or, as we call it, *the country*.

'My temper, naturally enthusiastic, was not on this occasion to be daunted by any difficulties. I was roused by the notion that I should be able to complete something, that would be *really useful* to my kind benefactor's sons; and I anticipated, with rapture, the moment when I should produce my model complete, and justify Mr. Y——'s opinion of my diligence and capacity. I thought of nothing else, from the moment these ideas came into my head. The measures, plans, and specimens of earths and ore, which were wanting, I knew could only be obtained from the mine; and, such was my ardor to accomplish my little project, that, I determined at all hazards to return into

Cornwall, and to ask my good master's permission to revisit the mine in the night-time.

'Accordingly, without a moment's delay, I set out upon this expedition.— Part of the journey I performed on foot; but, wherever I could, I got a set down, because I was impatient to get near the *Lands End*. I concluded that the wonder excited by my sudden disappearance had subsided, by this time; that I was too insignificant to make it worth while to continue a search after me, for more than a few days; and that, in all likelyhood, my master had dismissed from his work the gang who had been concerned in the plot, and who were the only persons whose revenge I had reason to fear.

'However, as I drew nearer the mine, I had the prudence not to expose myself unnecessarily; and I watched my opportunity so well that I contrived to meet my master, in his walk homeward, when no one was with him. I hastily gave him a letter from Mr. Y—— as a certificate

of my good conduct since my leaving him; then explained the reason of my return, and asked permission to examine the mines that night.

'He expressed a good deal of surprise, but no displeasure, at my boldness in returning: he willingly granted my request; but, at the same time, warned me that some of my enemies were still in the neighbourhood; and that, though he had dismissed them from his works, and though several had fled the country in search of employment elsewhere, yet, he was informed that two or three of the gang, and Clarke among the number, were seen lurking about the country: that they had sworn vengeance against me for *betraying* them, as they called it; and had been indefatigably active in their search after me.

'My master consequently advised me to stay only the ensuing night, and to depart before day-break: he also cautioned me not to wake the man who now slept in my hut in the mine.

'I did not like to spoil the only good suit of clothes of which I was possessed; so, before I went down into the mine, I got from my master my old jacket, apron, and cap, in which being equipped, and furnished with a lantern, and rod for measuring, I descended into the mine.

'I went to work as quietly as possible, surveyed the place exactly, and remembered what I had heard Mr. Y**** observe, "that people can never make their knowledge useful, if they have not been at the pains to make it exact." I was determined to give him a proof of my exactness: accordingly, I measured and minuted down every thing with the most cautious accuracy: and, so intent was my mind upon my work, the thoughts of Clarke and his associates never came across me for a moment. Nay, I absolutely forgot the man in the hut, and am astonished he was not sooner waked.

'What roused him at last was, I believe, the noise I made in loosening some earth and stones, for specimens. A great

stone came tumbling down; and, immediately afterwards, I heard one of the horses neigh, which shewed me I had waked them at least; and I betook myself to a hiding place, in the western gallery, where I kept quiet, for I believe a quarter of an hour, in order to give the horses and the man, if he were awake, time to go to sleep again.

'I ventured out of my hiding place too soon; for, just as I left my nook, I saw the man at the end of the gallery. Instantly, upon the sight of me, he put both his hands before his face, gave a loud shriek, turned his back, and took to his heels with the greatest precipitation. I guessed that, as he said yesterday, he took me for the ghost of myself; and that his terror made him mistake my lantern for a blue taper. I had no chain; but that I had a rod in my hand is most certain: and it is also true that I took advantage of his fears, to drive him out of my way; for, the moment he began to run, I shook my rod as fast and as loud as I could

against the tintop of my lantern; and I trampled with my feet, as if I was pursuing him.

'As soon as the coast was clear, I hastened back for my specimens; which I packed up in my basket, and then decamped as fast as I could. This is the only time I ever walked in the western gallery, with *a blue taper* in my hand, dragging *a chain* after me; whatever the ghost-seer may report to the contrary.

'I was heartily glad to get away, and to have thus happily accomplished the object of my journey. I carried my basket on my back for some miles, till I got to the place where a waggon put up; and in this I travelled safely back to Exeter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Industry, Ingenuity, and Perseverance lead to Fame and Fortune.

'I DETERMINED not to shew my model to Mr. Y——, or the boys, till it should be as complete as I could make it. I got a good ingenious carpenter, who had been in the habit of working for the toy-shops, to help me; and laid out the best part of my worldly treasure upon this my grand first project. I had new models made of the sieves for *lueing*, the *box*, and *trough*, the *buddle*, *wreck*, and *tool* *, besides some dozen of wooden workmen, wheelbarrows, &c. &c.; with which the carpenter, by my directions, furnished my mine. I paid a smith and tinman, morever, for a model of our *stamps*, and *blowing-house*, and an iron grate for my box: besides, I had

* The names of vessels, and machines, used in the Cornish tin mines.

a * *lion rampant*, and other small matters, from the pewterer; also a pair of bellows, finished by the glover; for all which articles, as they were out of the common way, I was charged high.

'It was some time, even when all this was ready, before we could contrive to make our puppets do their business properly: but patience accomplishes every thing. At last we got our wooden miners to obey us, and to perform their several tasks at the word of command; that is to say, at the pulling of certain strings and wires, which we fastened to their legs, arms, heads, and shoulders; which wires being thin and black, were at a little distance invisible to the spectators. When the skeletons were perfect, we fell to work to dress and paint them; and I never shall forget the delight with which I contemplated our whole company of puppets: men, women, and children, fresh painted and dizened out, each in

* A lion rampant is stamped on the block tin, which is brought from thence.

its proper colours. The carpenter could scarcely prevent me from spoiling them: I was so impatient to set them at work that I could not wait till their clothes were dry; and I was every half hour rubbing my finger upon their cheeks, to try whether the red-paint was yet hard enough.

'With some pride, I announced my intended exhibition to Mr. Y——; and he appointed that evening for seeing it, saying that none but his own boys should be present at the first representation. It was for them indeed alone that it was originally designed; but, I was so charmed with my newly finished work, that, I would gladly have had all Exeter present at the exhibition. However, before night, I was convinced of my friend Mr. Y——'s superior prudence: the whole thing, as the carpenter said, *went off* pretty well; but several disasters happened, which I had not foreseen.—There was one stiff old fellow, whose arms, twitch them which way I would, I could never get to bend; and an obstinate old woman, who would

never do any thing but curtsy, when I wanted her to kneel down and to do her work. My children sorted their heaps of rubbish and ore very dexterously; excepting one unlucky little chap, who, from the beginning, had his head, some how or other, turned the wrong way upon his shoulders; and I could never manage, all the night, to set it right again: it was in vain I flattered myself that his wry neck would escape observation; for, as he was one of the wheel-barrow boys, he was a conspicuous figure in the piece; and, whenever he appeared, wheeling or emptying his barrow, I to my mortification heard repeated peals of laughter from the spectators, in which even my patron, notwithstanding his good natured struggles against it for some time, was at last compelled to join.

'I, all the while, was wiping my forehead behind my show-box; for I never was in such a bath of heat in my life: not the hardest day's work I ever wrought

in the mine made me one-half so hot as setting these puppets to work.

'When my exhibition was over, good Mr. Y—— came to me, and consoled me for all disasters, by the praises he bestowed upon my patience and ingenuity: he shewed me that he knew the difficulties with which I had to contend; and he mentioned the defects to me in the kindest manner, and how they might be remedied. "I see," said he, smiling, "that you have endeavoured to make something useful for the entertainment of my boys; and I will take pains to make it turn out advantageously to you."

'The next morning I went to look at my show-box, which Mr. Y—— had desired me to leave in his study; and I was surprised to see the wood in front, which I had left open for the spectators, filled up with boards, and having a circular glass in the middle of the new front. The eldest boy, who stood by enjoying my surprise, bid me look in, and tell him

what I saw. What was my astonishment, when I first looked through this glass—"As large as the life!—As large as the life!"—cried I, in admiration,—"I see the puppets, the *wheel-barrows*, every thing as large as the life!"

'Mr. Y—— then told me that it was by his son's directions that this glass, which he said was called a magnifying-glass, or convex-lens, was added to my show-box. He makes you a present of it; and now, added he, smiling, get all your little performers into order, and prepare for a second representation: I will send for a clock-maker in this town, who is an ingenious man, and will shew you how to manage properly the motions of your puppets; and then we will get a good painter, to paint them for you.

'There was at this time, in Exeter, a society of literary gentlemen, who met once a week at each other's houses. Mr. Y—— was one of these gentlemen; and several of the principal families in Exeter, especially those who had children, came

on the appointed evening to see the model of the Cornwall tin-mine, which, with the assistance of the clock-maker and painter, was now become really a show worth looking at.—I made but few blunders this time, and the company were indulgent enough to pardon these, and to express themselves well pleased with my little exhibition.—They gave me, indeed, solid marks of their satisfaction, which were quite unexpected: after the exhibition, Mr. Y——'s youngest boy, in the name of the rest of the company, presented me with a purse, containing the contributions which had been made for me.

'After repaying all my expences for my journey and machinery, I found I had six guineas and a crown to spare. So I thought myself a rich man; and, having never seen so much money together in my life before, as six golden guineas and a crown, I should, most probably, like the generality of people who come into the possession of unexpected wealth, have become extravagant, had it not been for the timely

advice of my kind monitor, Mr. Y——. When I shewed him a pair of chinese tumblers, which I had bought from a pedlar for twice as much as they were worth, merely because they pleased my fancy, he shook his head, and observed that I might, before my death, want this very money to buy a loaf of bread. "If you spend your money as fast as you get it, Jervas," said he, "no matter how ingegenious or industrious you are, you will always be poor.—Remember the good proverb, that says, "*Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.*" A proverb, which has been worth ten times more to me than all my little purse contained. So true it is, that, those do not always give most, who give money.

CHAPTER IX.

Patience and Fortitude conquer many Difficulties.

'I HAD soon reason to rejoice at having thrown away no more money on baubles, as I had occasion for my whole stock to fit myself out for a new way of life. "Jervas," said Mr. Y—— to me, "I have at last found an occupation, which I hope will suit you."—Unknown to me, he had been, ever since he first saw my little model, intent upon turning it to my lasting advantage. Among the gentlemen of the society, which I have before mentioned, there was one who had formed a design of sending some well informed lecturer through England, to exhibit models of the machines used in manufactories: Mr. Y—— purposely invited this gentleman the evening that I exhibited my tin-mine, and proposed to him that I should be permitted to accompany his lecturer.

To this he agreed. Mr. Y—— told me that, although the person who was fixed upon as lecturer was not exactly the sort of man he should have chosen, yet as he was a relation of the gentleman who set the business on foot, no objection could well be made to him.

'I was rather daunted by the cold and haughty look with which my new master, the lecturer, received me when I was presented to him. Mr. Y——, observing this, whispered to me at parting—"Make yourself useful, and you will soon be agreeable to him." We must not expect to find friends ready made wherever we go in the world: we often have to make friends for ourselves with g eat pains and care. It cost me both pains and care, I know, to make this lecturer my friend. He was what is called *born a gentleman*; and he began by treating me as a low-born upstart, who, being perfectly ignorant, wanted to pass for a self-taught *genius*. That I was low-born I did not attempt to conceal; nor did I perceive that I had any

reason to be ashamed of my birth, or of having raised myself by honest means to a station above that in which I was born. I was proud of this circumstance, and therefore it was no torment to me to hear the continual hints which my well-born master threw out upon this subject. I moreover never pretended to any knowledge which I had not; so that by degrees, notwithstanding his prejudices, he began to feel that I had neither the presumption of an upstart nor of a felf-taught genius. I kept in mind the counsel given to me by Mr. Y——, to endeavour to make myself useful to my employer; but it was no easy matter to do this at first, because he had such a dread of my aukwardness that he would never let me touch any of his apparatus. I was always left to stand like a cypher beside him, whilst he lectured; and I had regularly the mortification of hearing him conclude his lecture with—" *Now,*
" *gentlemen and ladies, I will not detain you*
" *any longer from what, I am sensible, is*
" *much better worth your attention than any*

"*thing I can offer—Mr. Jervas's puppet-*
"*show.*"

'It happened one day that he sent me with a shilling, as he thought, to pay an hostler for the feeding of his horse: as I rubbed the money between my finger and thumb, I perceived that the white surface came off, and the piece looked yellow: I recollected that my master had the day before been shewing some experiments with quick-silver and gold, and that he had covered a guinea with quick-silver: so I immediately took the money back, and my master, for the first time in his life, thanked me very cordially; for this was in reality a guinea, and not a shilling. He was also surprised at my directly mentioning the experiment he had shewn.

'The next day that he lectured, he omitted the offensive conclusion about Mr. Jervas's puppet-show. I observed, further, to my infinite satisfaction, that after this affair of the guinea, he was not so suspicious of my honesty, as he used to appear: he now yielded more to his natu-

ral indolence, and suffered me to pack up his things for him, and to do a hundred little services which formerly he used roughly to refuse at my hands; saying, "I had rather do it myself, *Sir*,"—or—"I don't like to have any body meddle with my things—Mr. Jervas." But his tone changed, and it was now, "Jervas I'll leave you to put up these things, whilst I go and read;"—or, "Jervas, will you see that I leave none of my goods behind me, there's a good lad."——In truth, he was rather apt to leave his goods behind him: he was the most absent and forgetful man alive. During the first half year we travelled together, whilst he attempted to take care of his own things, I counted that he lost two pair and a half of slippers, one boot, three night-caps, one shirt, and fifteen pocket-handkerchiefs. Many of these losses, I make no doubt, were set down in his imagination to my account whilst he had no opinion of my honesty; but I am satisfied that he was afterwards thoroughly convinced of the injustice of his

suspicions, as from the time that I had the charge of his *goods*, as he called them, to the day we parted, including a space of above four years and a half, he never lost any thing but one red night-cap, which, to the best of my belief, he sent in his wig one sunday morning to the barber's, but which never came back again, and an old ragged blue pocket handkerchief, which he said he put under his pillow, or into his boot, when he went to bed at night. He had an odd way of sticking his pocket-handkerchief into his boot, "that he might be sure to find it in the morning." I suspect the handkerchief was carried down in the boot when it was taken to be cleaned. He was however perfectly certain that these two losses were not to be imputed to any carelessness of mine. He often said he was obliged to me for the attention I paid to his interests: he treated me now very civilly, and would sometimes condescend to explain to me in private what I did not understand in his public lectures.

'I was presently advanced to the dignity of his secretary. He wrote a miserably bad hand; and his manuscripts were so scratched, and interlined, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could decypher his own writing, when he was obliged to have recourse to his notes in lecturing. He was, moreover, extremely near-sighted; and he had a strange trick of wrinkling up the skin on the bridge of his nose when he was perplexed: altogether, his look was so comical, when he began to pore over these papers of his, that few of the younger part of our audiences could resist their inclination to laugh. This disconcerted him beyond measure; and he was truly glad to accept my offer of copying out his scrawls fairly in a good bold round hand. I could now write, if I may say it without vanity, an excellent hand; and could go over his calculations as far as the first four rules of arithmetic were concerned; so that I became quite his *fac-totum*; and I thought myself rewarded for all my pains, by having oppor-

tunities of gaining every day some fresh piece of knowledge from the perusal of the notes which I transcribed.

CHAPTER X.

Knowledge affords the means of Safety, Prosperity and Fame.

'IT was now that I felt most thoroughly the advantage of having learned to read and write: stores of useful information were opened to me, and my curiosity and desire to inform myself were insatiable. I often sat up half the night reading and writing: I had free access now to all my fellow traveller's books, and I thought I could never study them enough.

'At the commencement of my studies, my master often praised my diligence, and would shew me where to look for what I wanted in his books, or explain difficulties: I looked up to him as a miracle of science and learning; nay, I was actually growing

fond of him; but this did not last long. In process of time, he grew shy of explaining things to me; he scolded me for thumbing his books, though, God knows, my thumbs were always cleaner than his own; and he thwarted me continually upon some pretence or other. I could not for some time conceive the cause of this change in my master's behaviour: indeed it was hard for me to guess or believe that he was beome jealous of the talents and knowledge of a poor lad, whose ignorance he but a few years before had so much despised and derided. I was the more surprised, at this new turn of his mind, because I was conscious that, instead of becoming more conceited, I had of late become more humble; but this humility was, by my suspicious master, attributed to artifice, and tended more than any thing to confirm him in his notion that I had formed a plan to supplant him in his office of lecturer; a scheme which had never entered into my head. I was thunder-struck when he one day said to me, "You need not study so hard,

Mr. Jervas, for I promise you that, even with Mr. Y——'s assistance, and all your *art*, you will not be able to supplant me; clever as, with all affected humility, you think yourself."

'The truth lightened upon me at once. Had he been a judge of the human countenance, he must have seen my innocence in my looks; but he was so fixed in his opinion that I knew any protestations I could make, of my never having thought of the scheme he imputed to me, would serve only to confirm him in his idea of my dissimulation. I contented myself with returning to him his books, and his manuscripts, and thence forward withdrew my attention from his lectures, to which I had always till now been one of the most eager auditors: by these proceedings, I hoped to quiet his suspicions. I no longer applied myself to any studies in which he was engaged, to shew him that all competition with him was far from my thought; and I have since reflected that this fit of jealousy of his, which I at the time looked upon

as a misfortune, because it stopped me short in pursuits which were highly agreeable to my taste, was in fact of essential service to me. My reading had been too general; and I had endeavoured to master so many things that I was not likely to make myself thoroughly skilled in any. As a blacksmith said once to me, when he was asked why he was not both blacksmith and whitesmith, "The smith that will meddle with all things may go shoe the goslings." —An old proverb which, from its mixture of drollery and good sense, became ever after a favourite of mine.

'Having returned my master's books, I had only such to read as I could purchase or borrow for myself, and I became very careful in my choice: I also took every opportunity of learning all I could from the conversation of sensible people, wherever we went; and I found that one piece of knowledge helped me to another often when I least expected it. And this I may add, for the encouragement of others, that every thing which I learned

accurately was, at some time or other of my life, of use to me.

'After having made a progress through England, my fellow-traveller determined to try his fortune in the metropolis; and to give lectures there to young people during the winter season. Accordingly we proceeded towards London, taking Woolwich in our way, where we exhibited before the young gentlemen of the military academy. My master, who, since he had withdrawn his notes from my hands, had no one to copy them fairly, found himself during his lecture in some perplexity; and, as he exhibited his usual odd contortions upon this occasion, the young gentlemen could not restrain their laughter: he also prolonged his lecture more than his audience liked, and several yawned terribly, and made signs of an impatient desire to see what was in my box, as a relief from their fatigue. This my master quickly perceived, and, being extremely provoked, he spoke to me with a degree of harshness and insolence which,

as I bore it with temper, prepossessed the young company in my favor. He concluded his lecture with the old sentence: "Gentlemen, I shal no longer detain you from what I am sure is much better worthy of your attention than any thing I could offer, viz. Mr. Jervas's puppet-show." This was an unlucky speech on the present occasion, for it happened that every body, after having seen what he called my puppet-show, were precisely of this opinion. My master grew more and more impatient, and wanted to hurry me away, but one spirited young man most warmly took me and my tin-mine under his protection; I stood my ground, insisting upon my right to finish my exhibition, as my master had been allowed full time to finish his. The young gentleman, who supported me, was as well pleased by my present firmness as he had been by my former patience. At parting, he made a handsome collection for me, which I refused to accept, taking only the regular price. "Well," said he, "you shall be no loser

by this.—You are going to town; my father is in London; here is his direction. I'll mention you to him the next time I write home, and you'll not be the worse for that."

'As soon as we got to London I went according to my direction. The young gentleman had been more punctual in writing home than young gentlemen sometimes are. I was appointed to come with my models the next evening; when a number of young people were collected, besides the children of the family, which were numerous. The young spectators gathered round me at one end of a large saloon, asking me innumerable questions after the exhibition was over, whilst the master of the house, who was an East India Director, was walking up and down the room, conversing with a gentleman in an officer's uniform. They were, as I afterwards understood, talking about the casting of some guns at Woolwich, for the East India Company. "Charles," said the Director, coming to the place

where we were standing, and tapping one of his sons on the shoulder, "do you recollect what your brother told us about the proportion of tin which is used in casting brass cannon at Woolwich." The young gentleman answered that he could not recollect, but referred his father to me; adding, that his brother told him I was the person from whom he had the information. My memory served me exactly; and I had reason to rejoice that I had not neglected the opportunity of gaining this knowledge, during our short stay at Woolwich. The East India Director, pleased with my answering his first question accurately, condescended, in compliance with his children's entreaties, to examine my models, and questioned me upon a variety of subjects: at length he observed to the gentleman, with whom he had been conversing, that I explained myself well, that I knew all I did know accurately, and that I had the art of captivating the attention of young people. "I do think," concluded he, "that he would answer Dr. Bell's des-

cription better than any person I have seen." He then enquired particularly into my history and connexions, all of which I told him exactly. He took down the direction to Mr. Y——, and my good master, (as I shall always call Mr. R——), and to several other gentlemen at whose houses I had been during the last three or four years, telling me that he would write to them about me; and that if he found my accounts of myself were as exact as my knowledge upon other subjects, he thought he could put me in a very eligible situation. The answers to these letters were all perfectly satisfactory: he gave me the letter from Mr. R——, saying, "you had better keep this letter, and take care of it; for it will be a recommendation to you in any part of the world, where courage and fidelity are held in esteem." Upon looking into this letter, I found that my good master had related, in the handsomest manner, the whole of my conduct about the discovery of the vein in his mine.

'The Director now informed me that, if I had no objection to go to India, I should be appointed to go out to Madras as an assistant to Dr. Bell, one of the Directors of the Asylum for the instruction of orphans; an establishment which is immediately under the auspices of the East India Company, and which does them honour*.

'The salary which was offered me was munificent beyond my utmost expectations; and the account of the institution, which was put into my hands, charmed me. I speedily settled all my concerns with the Lecturer, who was in great astonishment that this appointment had not fallen upon him. To console him for the last time, I shewed him a passage in Dr. Bell's pamphlet, in which it is said that the Doctor prefers to all others, for teachers at his school, youths who have no fixed habits

* *Vide* a small pamphlet, printed for Cadell and Davies, entitled, "An experiment in Education, made at the Male Asylum of Madras, by the Rev. Dr. A. Bell.

as tutors, and who will implicitly follow his directions. I was at this time but nineteen: my master was somewhat appeased by this view of the affair, and we parted, as I wished, upon civil terms; though I could not feel much regret at leaving him. I had no pleasure in living with one who would not let me become attached to him; for, having early met with two excellent friends and masters, the agreeable feelings of gratitude and affection were in a manner necessary to my happiness.

CHAPTER XI.

The End of the Wicked.

'BEFORE I left England, I received new proofs of Mr. R——'s goodness: he wrote to me to say that, as I was going to a distant country, to which a small annuity of

ten guineas a year could not easily be remitted, he had determined to lay out a sum equal to the value of the annuity he had promised me in a manner which he hoped would be advantageous: he further said that as the vein of the mine with which I had made him acquainted turned out better than he expected, he had added to the value of fifty guineas more than my annuity; and that if I would go to Mr. Ramsden's, mathematical instrument maker in Piccadilly, I should receive all he had ordered to be ready for me. At Mr. Ramsden's I found ready to be packed for me two small globes, syphons, prisms, an air gun, and an air pump, a speaking trumpet, a small apparatus for shewing the glasses, and an apparatus for freezing water. Mr. Ramsden informed me that these were not all the things Mr. R—— had bespoken; that he had ordered a small baloon, and a portable telegraph, in form of an umbrella, which would be sent home, as he expected, in the course of the next week.

Mr. Ramsden also had directions to furnish me with a complete set of mathematical instruments of his own making. "But," added he with a smile, "you will be lucky if you get them soon enough out of my hands." In fact, I believe I called a hundred times in the course of a fortnight upon Ramsden, and it was only the day before the fleet sailed that they were finished and delivered to me.

'I cannot here omit to mention an incident that happened in one of my walks to Ramden's: I was rather late, and was pushing my way hastily through a crowd that was gathered at the turning of a street, when a hawker by accident flapped a bundle of wet hand-bills in my eyes, and at the same instant screamed in my ears, '*The last dying speech and confession of Jonathan Clarke, who was executed on Monday, the* 17*th instant.*'—Jonathan Clarke! The name struck my ears suddenly, and the words shocked me so much that I stood fixed to the spot; and it was not till the hawker had passed by me some yards,

and was beginning with—"*The last dying speech and confession of Jonathan Clarke, the Cornwall miner*," that I recollected myself enough to speak: I called after the hawker in vain; he was bawling too loud to hear me, and I was forced to run the length of the whole street before I could overtake him, and get one of the handbills. On reading it, I could have no doubt that it was really the last dying speech of my old enemy Clarke. His birth, parentage, and every circumstance convinced me of the truth. Amongst other things in his confession, I came to a plan he had laid to murder a poor lad in the tin-mine where he formerly worked; and he thanked God that this plan was never executed, as the boy providentially disappeared the very night on which the murder was to have been perpetrated. He further set forth that, after being turned away by his master, and obliged to fly from Cornwall, he came up to London, and worked as a coal-heaver for a little while, but soon became what is called a

mud-lark; that is a plunderer of the ships cargoes that unload in the Thames. He plied this abominable trade for some time, drinking every day to the value of what he stole, till, in a quarrel at an ale-house about the division of some articles to be sold to a receiver of stolen goods, he struck the woman of the house a blow, of which she died; and, as it was proved that he had long borne her malice for some old dispute, Clarke was on his trial brought in guilty of wilful murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

'I shuddered whilst I read all this.—To such an end, after the utmost his cunning could do, was this villain brought at last! How thankful I was that I did not continue his associate in my boyish days! My gratitude to my good master increased upon the reflexion that it was his humanity which had raised me from vice and misery, to virtue and happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

'WE sailed from the Downs the 20th of March, one thousand seven hundred and . But why I tell you this I do not know; except it be in compliance with the custom of all voyagers, who think that it is important to the world to know on what day they sailed from this or that port. I shall not, however, imitate them, in giving you a journal of the wind, or a copy of the ship's log-book. Suffice it to say that we arrived safely at Madras, after a voyage of about the usual number of months and days, during all which I am sorry that I have not, for your entertainment, any escape or imminent danger of shipwreck to relate; nor even any description of a storm or a water-spout.

'You will, I am afraid, be much disappointed to find that, upon my arrival in

India, where doubtless you expected that I should like others have wonderful adventures, I began to live at Dr. Bell's asylum in Madras a quiet regular life; in which for years, I may safely say, that every day in the week was extremely like that which preceded it. This regularity was no ways irksome to me, notwithstanding that I had for some years, in England, been so much used to a roving way of life. I had never any taste for rambling; and, under Dr. Bell, who treated me with strict justice, as far as the business of the asylum was concerned, and with distinguished kindness in all other circumstances, I enjoyed as much freedom as I desired. I never had those absurd vague notions of liberty, which render men uneasy under the necessary restraints of all civilized society, and which do not make them the more fit to live with savages. The young people, who were under my care, gradually became attached to me, and I to them. I obeyed Dr. Bell's directions exactly in all things; and he was pleased to

say, after I had been with him for some time, that he never had any assistant who was so entirely agreeable to him. When the business of the day was over, I often amused myself, and the elder boys, with my apparatus for preparing the gasses, my speaking trumpet, air gun, &c.

'One day, I think it was in the fourth year of my residence at Madras, Dr. Bell sent for me into his closet, and asked me if I had ever heard of a scholar of his, of the name of William Smith, a youth of seventeen years of age; who, in the year 1794, attended the embassy to Tippoo Sultan, when the hostage princes were restored; and who went through a course of experiments in natural philosophy, in the presence of the Sultan. I answered Dr. Bell that, before I left England, I had read, in his account of the asylum, extracts from this William Smith's letters, whilst he was at the Sultan's court; and that I remembered all the experiments he had exhibited perfectly well; and also that he was detained, by the Sultan's or-

der, nineteen days after the embassy had taken leave, for the purpose of instructing two aruzbegs, or lords, in the use of an extensive and elegant mathematical apparatus, presented to Tippoo by the government at Madras*.

* *Extract from William Smith's Letters to Dr, Bell, (vide the Pamphlet before-mentioned.)*

Devanelli Fort, April 8, 1792.

'Reverend Sir,

'I take the liberty of informing you that we arrived here the 28th ultimo, without any particular 'occurrence in the way. The day after our arrival, 'we made our first visit to the Sultan; and he entertained us at his court for upwards of three 'hours.

'On the 1st instant, Captain Dovetoun sent me 'an order to open the boxes, and lay out the machines, to shew them to the Sultan. Accordingly, on the third, I was sent for, and I exhibited 'the following experiments: viz. head and wig; 'dancing images; electric stool; cotton fired; small 'receiver and stand; hemispheres; Archimedes's 'screw; syphon; Tantalus's cup; water-pump; 'condensing engine, &c. Captain Dovetoun was 'present, and explained, as I went on, to the Sul-

"Well," said Dr. Bell, "since that time Tippoo Sultan has been at war, and has

'tan, who has given us an instance of his being 'acquainted with some of these experiments. He 'has shewn us a condensing engine made by him-'self, which spouted water higher than ours. He 'desired me to teach two men, his aruzbegs.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'I can assure you that Tippoo Sultan was 'mightily pleased with the electric machine. He 'was prepared for every experiment I exhibited, 'except the firing of the inflammable air. * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'It did cost me several minutes before the firing 'of the inflammable air proved successful; * * * * 'during which time he was in a very impatient 'emotion; and, when that was done, it did indeed 'surprise him. He desired me to go over it three 'times.

'I take the liberty to write for your information 'the familiar discourse Tippoo Sultan was pleased 'to enter into with me, that took place at the close 'of the experiments.

'There were some silver trumpets, newly made, 'brought into him for his inspection, and which he 'desired the trumpeters to sound *hauw* and *jauw*; 'i. e. come and go: after which, he asked me if 'they were like those I saw at Madras. I answered

had no leisure, I suppose, for the study of philosophy, or mathematics; but now

'yes; but those at Madras are made of copper. 'He asked me again whether the tune were any 'thing like what I had ever heard. I answered, 'no. How then, says he? and presently ordering 'the instrument to be put into my hands, desired 'me to blow. I told him, very civilly, that I could 'not blow. No! says he, you could; what are you 'afraid of? I told him again that I spoke truth; 'and that I was brought up in a school where my 'master informed me what lying was, and always 'punished those boys that spoke untruths. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'June 11th. After this the Sultan arose (five 'hours being elapsed) to quit the court, and desired 'the present (of a hundred rupees) to be delivered 'into my hands, with these words: "This is given 'you as a present for the trouble you took in per-'forming those experiments, which verily pleased 'me:" and a command that I am to stay in the fort 'ten days: "after which," he continued, "I will 'send you to Kistnagherry, with two hircarrahs, 'in order to conduct you safely through my coun-'try." I returned the compliment with a salam, in 'the manner I was instructed; saying, that I thank-'fully accepted his present, and am willing to obey 'his commands. The language which the Sultan

that he has just made peace, and wants something to amuse him, he has sent to the government at Madras, to request that I will permit some of my scholars to pay a second visit at his court to refresh the memory of the aruzbegs, and, I presume, to exhibit some new wonders, for Tippoo's entertainment."

'Dr. B. proposed to me to go on this embassy: accordingly, I prepared all my apparatus; and, having carefully remarked what experiments Tippoo had already seen, I selected such as would be new to him. I packed up my speaking trumpet, my apparatus for freezing water, and that for exhibiting the gasses, my balloon and telegraph, and with these and my model of the tin mine, which I took by Dr. Bell's advice, I set out with two of his eldest scholars upon our expedition. We were met on the entrance of Tippoo's

'used was the Carnatic Malabar. Mine very little
'differed from his. Poornhia was the interpreter
'of such terms as the Sultan did not understand.'

dominions by four hircarrahs, or soldiers, whom the Sultan sent as a guard to conduct us safely through his dominions. He received us at court the day after our arrival. Unaccustomed as I was to Asiatic magnificence, I confess that my eyes were at first so dazzled by the display of oriental pomp that, as I prostrated myself at the foot of the Sultan's throne, I considered him as a personage high as human veneration could look. After having made my salam, or salutation, according to the custom of his court, as I was instructed to do, the Sultan commanded me, by his interpreter, to display my knowledge of the arts and sciences, for the instruction and amusement of his court.

'My boxes and machines had all been previously opened, and laid out: I was prepared to shew my apparatus for freezing, but Tippoo's eye was fixed upon the painted silk balloon; and, with prodigious eagerness, he interrupted me several times with questions about that great empty

bag. I endeavoured to make him understand as well as I could, by my interpreter and his own, that this great empty bag was to be filled with a species of air lighter than the common air; and that, when filled, the bag, which I informed him was in our country called a balloon, would mount far above his palace. No sooner was this repeated to him, by the interpreter, than the Sultan commanded me *instantly* to fill the balloon; and when I replied that it could not be done instantly, and that I was not prepared to exhibit it on this day, Tippoo gave signs of the most childish impatience. He signified to me that, since I could not shew him what he wanted to see, the Sultan would not see what I wanted to shew. I replied, through his interpreter, in the most respectful but firm manner, that no one would be so presumptuous as to shew to Tippoo Sultan, in his own court, any thing which he did not desire to see: that it was in compliance with his wishes that I came to his court, from which, in obe-

dience to his commands, I should at any time be ready to withdraw. A youth, who stood at the right hand of Tippoo's throne, seemed much to approve of this answer; and the Sultan, assuming a more composed and dignified aspect, signified to me that he was satisfied to await for the sight of the filling of the great bag till the next day; and that he should, in the mean time, be well pleased to see what I was now prepared to shew.

'The apparatus for freezing, which we then exhibited, seemed to please him; but I observed that he was, during a great part of the time whilst I was explaining it, intent upon something else; and no sooner had I done speaking than he caused to be produced the condensing engines, made by himself, which he formerly shewed to William Smith, and which he said spouted water higher than any of ours. The Sultan, I perceived, was much more intent upon displaying his small stock of mechanical knowledge than upon encreasing it; and the mixture of vanity and ignorance,

which he displayed upon this and many subsequent occasions, considerably lessened the awe which his external magnificence at first excited in my mind. Sometimes he would put himself in competition with me, to shew his courtiers his superiority; but, failing in these attempts, he would then treat me as a species of mechanic juggler, who was fit only to exhibit for the amusement of his court. When he saw my speaking trumpet, which was made of copper; he at first looked at it with great scorn, and ordered his trumpeters to shew me theirs, which were made of silver. As he had formerly done when my predecessor was at his court, he desired his trumpeters to sound through these trumpets the words *hauw* and *jauw*: i. e. come and go: but, upon trial, mine was found to be far superior to the Sultan's; and I received intimation, through one of his courtiers, that it would be prudent to offer it immediately to Tippoo. This I accordingly did, and he accepted it with the eagerness of a child who has begged and obtained a new play-thing.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Passionate and the Capricious are often unjust.

'THE next day, Tippoo and his whole court assembled to see my balloon. Tippoo was seated in a splendid pavilion, and his principal courtiers stood in a semicircle on each side of him: the youth, whom I formerly observed, was again on his right hand, and his eyes were immoveably fixed upon my balloon, which had been previously filled and fastened down by cords. I had the curiosity to ask who this youth was: I was informed he was the Sultan's eldest son, Prince Abdul Calie. I had not time to make any farther enquiries, for Tippoo now ordered a signal to be given, as had been previously agreed upon. I instantly cut the cords which held the balloon, and it ascended

with a rapid but graceful motion, to the unspeakable astonishment and delight of all the spectators. Some clapped their hands and shouted, others looked up in speechless extacy, and in the general emotion all ranks for an instant were confounded: even Tippoo Sultan seemed at this interval to be forgotten, and to forget himself, in the admiration of this new wonder.

'As soon as the balloon was out of sight, the court returned to their usual places, the noise subsided, and the Sultan, as if desirous to fix the public attention upon himself, and to shew his own superior magnificence, issued orders immediately to his treasurer to present me, as a token of his royal approbation, with two hundred star pagodas. When I approached to make my salam and compliment of thanks, as I was instructed, the Sultan, who observed that some of the courtiers already began to regard me with envy, as if my reward had been too great, determined to divert himself with their spleen,

and to astonish me with his generosity: he took from his finger a diamond ring, which he presented to me by one of his officers. The young Prince, Abdul Calie, whispered to his father whilst I was withdrawing, and I soon afterwards received a message from the Sultan, requesting, or in other words, ordering me, to remain some time at his court to instruct the young prince, his son, in the use of my European machines, for which they had in their language no names.

'This command proved a source of real pleasure to me; for I found prince Abdul Calie, not only a youth of quick apprehension, but, of a most amiable disposition, unlike the imperious and capricious temper which I had remarked in his father. Prince Abdul Calie had been, when he was about twelve years old, one of the hostage princes left with Lord Cornwallis, at Seringapatam. With that politeness which is seldom to be found in the sons of eastern despots, this prince, after my first introduction, ordered the

magnificent palanquin, given to him by Lord Cornwallis, to be shewn to me; then, pointing to the enamelled snakes, which support the pannels, and on which the sun at this instant happened to shine, prince Abdul Calie was pleased to say: "The remembrance of your noble countryman's kindness to me is as fresh and lively in my soul as those colours now appear to my eye.

'Another thing gave me a good opinion of this young prince: he did not seem to value presents merely by their costliness: whether he gave or received, he considered the feelings of others; and I know that he often excited in my mind more gratitude by the gift of a mere trifle, by a word or a look, than his ostentatious father could by the most valuable donations. Tippoo, though he ordered his treasurer to pay me fifty rupees per day, whilst I was in his service, yet treated me with a species of insolence; which, having some of the feelings of a free-born Briton about me, I found it difficult to endure with patience.

His son, on the contrary, shewed that he felt obliged to me for the little instructions I was able to give him; and did never appear to think that, as a prince, he could pay for all the kindness as well as the service of his inferiors, by pagodas or rupees: so true it is that attachment cannot be bought; and that those who wish to have friends, as well as servants, should keep this truth constantly in mind. My English pride induced me to make these and many more such reflexions, whilst I was at Tippoo's court.

'Every day afforded me fresh occasion to form comparisons between the Sultan and his son; and my attachment to my pupil every day increased My pupil! It was with astonishment I sometimes reflected that a young prince was actually my pupil. Thus an obscure individual, in a country like England, where arts, sciences and literature are open to all ranks, may obtain a degree of knowledge which an eastern despot, in all his pride, would

gladly purchase with ingots of his purest gold.

'One evening, after the business of the day was over, Tippoo Sultan came into his son's apartment, whilst I was explaining to the young prince the use of some of the mathematical instruments in my pocket case. "We are well acquainted with these things," said the sultan, in a haughty tone: "the government of Madras sent us such things as those, with others, which are now in the possession of some of my aruzbegs, who have doubtless explained them sufficiently to the prince my son." Prince Abdul Calie, modestly replied, "that he had never before been made to understand them; for that the aruzbeg, who had formerly attempted to explain them, had not the art of making things so clear to him as I had done."

'I felt a glow of pleasure at this compliment, and at the consciousness that I deserved it. How little did I imagine, when I used to sit up at nights studying

my old master's books, that one of them would be the means of procuring me such honor*.'

"What is contained in that box;" said the Sultan, pointing to the box which held the model of the tin-mine. "I do not remember to have seen it opened in my presence."

'I replied that it had not been opened, because I feared that it was not worthy to be shewn to him. But he commanded that it should instantly be exhibited; and, to my great surprise, it seemed to delight him excessively: he examined every part, moved the wires of the puppets, and asked innumerable questions concerning our tin-mines. I was the more astonished at this, because I had imagined he would have considered every object of commerce as

* Jervas here alludes to a book entitled, "A description of pocket and magazine cases of drawing instruments: in which is explained the use of each instrument, and particularly of the sector and plain scale, Gunter's scale, &c. By J. Barrow, private Teacher of Mathematics.

beneath the notice of a Sultan. Nor could I guess why he should be peculiarly interested about our English tin-mines: but he soon explained this to me, by saying that he had, in his dominions, certain tin-mines, which he had a notion would, if properly managed, bring a considerable revenue to the royal treasury; but that at present, through negligence or fraud, these mines were rather burdensome than profitable.

He enquired from me how my model came into my possession; and, when his interpreter told him that I made it myself, he caused the question and answer to be repeated twice, before he would believe that he understood me rightly. He next enquired, whether I was acquainted with the art of mining; and how I came by my information: in short, he commanded me to relate my history. I replied that it was a long story, concerning only an obscure individual, and unworthy the attention of a great monarch: but he seemed this evening to have nothing to do

but to gratify his curiosity, which my apology only served to increase. He again commanded me to relate my adventures, and I then told him the history of my early life. I was much flattered by the interest which the young prince took in my escape from the mine, and by the praises he bestowed on my fidelity to my master.

'The Sultan, on the contrary, heard me at first with curiosity, but afterwards with an air of incredulity. Upon observing this, I produced the letter from my good master to the East India Director, which gave a full account of the whole affair. I put this letter into the hands of the interpreter, and with some difficulty he translated it into the Carnatic Malabar, which was the language the Sultan used in speaking to me.

'The letter, which had the counter-signatures of some of the East India Company's servants resident at Madras, whose names were well-known to Tippoo, failed not to make a great impression in favour

of my integrity: of my knowledge he had before a high opinion. He stood musing for some time, with his eyes fixed upon the model of the tin-mine; and, after consulting with the young prince, as I guessed by their tones and looks, he bade his interpreter tell me that, if I would undertake to visit the tin-mines in his dominions, to instruct his miners how to work them, and to manage the ore according to the English fashion, I should receive from the royal treasure a reward more than proportioned to my services, and suitable to the generosity of a Sultan.

'Some days were given me to consider of this proposal. Though tempted by the idea that I might realise, in a short time, a sum that would make me independent for the rest of my life, yet my suspicions of the capricious and tyrannical temper of Tippoo made me dread to have him for a master; and, above all, I resolved to do nothing without the express permission of Dr. Bell, to whom I

immediately wrote. He seemed, by his answer, to think that such an opportunity of making my fortune was not to be neglected: my hopes, therefore, prevailed over my fears, and I accepted the proposal.

'The presents which he had made me, and the salary allowed me during six weeks that I had attended the young prince, amounted to a considerable sum: 500 star pagodas and 500 rupees: all which I left, together with my ring, in the care of a great Gentoo merchant, of the name of Omychund, who had shewn me many civilities. With proper guides and full powers from the Sultan, I proceeded on my journey; and devoted myself, with the greatest ardor, to my undertaking. A most laborious and difficult undertaking it proved: for in no country are prejudices in favor of their own customs more inveterate, amongst workmen of every description, than in India; and, although I was empowered to inflict what punish-

ment I thought proper on those who disobeyed, or even hesitated to fulfil, my orders, yet, thank God! I could never bring myself to have a poor slave tortured, or put to death, because he roasted ore in a manner which I did not think so good as my own method: nor even because he was not so well convinced as I was of the advantages of our Cornwall smelting furnace.

'My moderation was of more service to me, in the minds of the people, than the utmost violence I could have employed to enforce obedience. As I got by degrees some little knowledge of their language, I grew more and more acceptable to them; and some few, who tried methods of my proposing, and found that they succeeded, were, by my directions, rewarded with the entire possession of the difference of profit between the old and new modes. This bounty enticed others; and in time that change was accomplished, by gentle means, which I had at first almost despaired of ever effecting.

'When the works were in proper train, I dispatched a messenger to the Sultan's court, to request that he would be pleased to appoint some confidential person to visit the mines, in order to be an eye-witness of what had been done; and I further begged, as I had now accomplished the object of the Sultan's wishes, that I might be recalled, after deputing whomsoever he should think proper to superintend and manage the mines in my stead. I moreover offered, before I withdrew, to instruct the person who should be appointed. My messenger, after a long delay, returned to me, with a command from Tippoo Sultan to remain where I was till his farther orders. For these I waited three months; and then, concluding that I was forgotten, I determined to set out to refresh Tippoo's memory.

'I found him at Devanelli fort, thinking of nothing less than of me or my tin-mines: he was busily engaged in making preparations for a war with some Souba

or other, whose name I forget; and all his ideas were bent on conquest and vengeance. He scarcely deigned to see much less to listen to me: his treasurer gave me to understand that too much had already been lavished upon me, a stranger as I was; and that Tippoo's resources, at all events, would be now employed in carrying on schemes of war, not petty projects of commerce. Thus insulted and denied all my promised reward, I could not but reflect upon the hard fate of those who attempt to serve capricious despots.

CHAPTER XIV.

Man never has enough.

'I PREPARED as fast as possible to depart from Tippoo's court. The Hindoo merchant, with whom I had lodged the pagodas and rupees, promised to transmit

them to me at Madras; and he delivered to me the diamond ring, which Tippoo had given to me during his fit of generosity, or of ostentation. The Sultan, who cared no more what became of me, made no opposition to my departure: but I was obliged to wait a day or two for a guard; as the hircarrahs who formerly conducted me were now out upon some expedition.

'Whilst I waited impatiently for their return, Prince Abdul Calie, who had not been during all this time at Devanelli fort, arrived; and, when I went to take leave of him, he enquired into the reason of my sudden departure. In language as respectful as I could use, and with as much delicacy as I thought myself bound to observe, in speaking to a son of his father, I related the truth. The prince's countenance shewed what he felt. He paused, and seemed to be lost in thought, for a few minutes: he then said to me, "The Sultan, my father, is at this time so

intent upon preparations for war that even I should despair of being listened to, on any other subject. But you have in your possession, as I recollect, what might be useful to him either in war or peace; and, if you desire it, I will speak of this machine to the Sultan."

'I did not immediately know to what machine of mine the prince alluded; but he explained to me that he meant my portable telegraph, which would be of infinite use to Tippoo in conveying orders or intelligence across the deserts. I left the matter entirely to the prince, after returning him my very sincere thanks for being thus interested in my concerns.

'A few hours after this conversation, I was summoned into the Sultan's presence. His impatience to make trial of the telegraphs was excessive; and I, who but the day before had been almost trampled upon by the officers and lords of his court, instantly became a person of the greatest importance. The trial of the telegraphs succeeded beyond even my expectations;

and the Sultan was in a species of extasy upon the occasion.

'I cannot omit to notice an instance of the violence of his temper, and its sudden changes from joy to rage. One of his blacks, a gentle Hindoo lad, of the name of Saheb, was set to manage a telegraph at one of the stations, a few yards distant from the Sultan. I had previously instructed Saheb in what he was to do; but, from want of practice, he made some mistake, which threw Tippoo into such a transport of passion that he instantly ordered the slave's head to be cut off! a sentence which would infallibly have been executed, if I had not represented that it would be expedient to suffer his head to remain on his shoulders, till the message was delivered by his telegraph; because there was no one present who could immediately supply his place. Saheb then read off his message without making any new blunder; and the moment the exhibition was over, I threw myself at the feet of the Sultan, and implored him to

pardon Saheb. I was not likely at this moment to be refused such a *trifle!* Saheb was pardoned.

'An order upon the treasurer for five hundred star pagodas, to reward my services at the royal tin-mines, was given to me; and, upon my presenting to Tippoo Sultan the portable telegraphs, on which his ardent wishes were fixed, he exclaimed:

"Ask any favor, in the wide-extended power of Tippoo Sultan to confer, and it shall be granted."

'I concluded that this was merely an oriental figure of speech; but I resolved to run the hazard of a refusal. I did not ask for a province; though this was in the wide-extended power of Tippoo Sultan to confer; but, as I had a great curiosity to see the diamond mines of Golconda, of which both in Europe and in India I had heard so much, I requested the Sultan's permission to visit those which belonged to him. He hesitated; but, after saying some words to an officer near him, he

bade his interpreter tell me that he granted my request.

'Accordingly, after lodging my pagodas and rupees along with the rest, in the hands of Omychund, the Gentoo merchant, who was a man of great wealth and credit, I set out in company with some diamond merchants, who were going to Golconda. My curiosity was amply gratified by the sight of these celebrated mines; and I determined that, when I returned to Europe, I would write a description of them. This description, however, I shall spare you for the present, and proceed with my story.

'The diamond merchants, with whom I travelled, had a deal of business to transact at various places; and this was a cause of much delay to me, which I could scarcely bear with patience: for, now that I had gratified my curiosity, I was extremely desirous to return to Madras with my little treasure. The five years salary due to me by the East India Company, which I had never touched, I had put out at interest at

Madras; where sometimes the rate was as high as twelve per cent.; and, if you knew, said Mr. Jervas, addressing himself to the miners at Mr. R——s table, any thing of the nature of compound interest, you would perceive that I was in a fair way to get rich: for, in the course of fourteen or fifteen years, any sum that is put out at compound interest, even in England, where the rate of legal interest is five per cent. becomes double; that is, one hundred pound put out at compound interest, in fourteen years, becomes two hundred. But few people have the patience, or the prudence, to make this use of their money. I was, however, determined to employ all my capital in this manner; and I calculated that, in seven years, I should have accumulated a sum fully sufficient to support me, all the rest of my life, in ease and affluence.

'Full of these hopes and calculations, I pursued my journey along with the merchants. Arrived at Devanelli fort, I

learned that the Souba, with whom the Sultan had been going to war, had given up the territory in dispute; and had pacified Tippoo by submissions and presents. Whether he chose peace or war was indifferent to me: I was intent on my private affairs; and I went immediately to Omychund, my banker, to settle them. I had taken my diamond ring with me to the mines, that I might compare it with others, and learn its value; and I found that it was worth nearly treble what I had been offered for it. Omychund congratulated me upon this discovery, and we were just going to settle our accounts when an officer came in, and, after asking whether I was not the young Englishman who had lately visited the mines of Golconda, summoned me immediately to appear before the Sultan. I was terrified, for I imagined I was perhaps suspected of having purloined some of the diamonds; but I followed the officer without hesitation, conscious of my innocence.

'Tippoo Sultan, contrary to my expec-

tations, received me with a smiling countenance; and, pointing to the officer who accompanied me, asked me whether I recollected to have ever seen his face before? I replied, no: but the Sultan then informed me that this officer, who was one of his own guards, had attended me in disguise during my whole visit to the diamond mines; and that he was perfectly satisfied of my honorable conduct. Then, after making a signal to the officer and all present to withdraw, he bade me approach nearer to him; paid some compliments to my abilities, and proceeded to explain to me that he stood in farther need of my services; and that, if I served him with fidelity, I should have no reason to complain, on my return to my own country, of his want of generosity.

'All thoughts of war being now as he told me out of his mind, he had leisure for other projects to enrich himself; and he was determined to begin by reforming certain abuses, which had long tended to impoverish the royal treasury. I was at a

loss to know whither this preamble would lead: at length, having exhausted his oriental pomp of words, he concluded by informing me that he had reason to believe he was terribly cheated in the management of his diamond mines at Golconda; that they were rented from him by a Feulinga Brahmin, as he called him, whose agreement with the adventurers in the mines was, that all the stones they found under a pago in weight were to be their own; and all above this weight were to be his, for the Sultan's use. Now, it seems that this agreement was never honestly fulfilled by any of the parties; the slaves cheating the merchants, the merchants cheating the Feulinga Brahmin, and he, in his turn, defrauding the Sultan: so that, Tippoo assured me, he had often purchased, from diamond-merchants, stones of a larger spread and finer water than any he could get directly from his own mines; and that he had been frequently obliged to reward these merchants w... rich vests, or fine horses *, in order t...

* Philosophical Transactions. Vol. II

courage others to offer their diamonds to sale.

'I could not but observe, whilst Tippoo related all this, the great agitation of his looks and voice, which shewed me the strong hold the passion for diamonds had upon his soul: on which I should perhaps have made some wise reflections, but that people have seldom leisure or inclination to make wise reflections, when standing in the presence of a prince as powerful and as despotic as Tippoo Sultan.

'The service that he required from me was a most dangerous one; no less than to visit the mines secretly by night, to search those small cisterns in which the workmen leave the diamonds mixed with the sand, gravelly stuff, and red earth, to sink and drain off during their absence. I did by no means relish this undertaking: besides that it would expose me to imminent danger, it was odious to my feelings to become a spy and informer. This I stated to the Sultan, he gave no credit to this motive;

and, attributing my reluctance wholly to fear, he promised that he would take effectual measures to secure my safety; and that, after I had executed this commission, he would immediately send a guard with me to Madras. I saw that a dark frown lowered on his brow, when I persisted in declining this office; but I fortunately bethought myself at this moment of a method of escaping the effects of his anger, without giving up my own principles.

'I represented to him that the seizure of the diamonds in the cisterns, which he proposed, even should it afford him any convincing proofs of the dishonesty of the slaves and diamond merchants, and even if he could in future take effectual precautions to secure himself from their frauds, would not be a source of wealth to him equal to one which I could propose. His avarice fixed his attention, and he eagerly commanded me to proceed. I then explained to him that one of his richest diamond mines had been for some time abandoned; because the workmen, having-

ing dug till they came to water, were then forced to stop for want of engines, such as are known in Europe. Now, having observed that there was a rapid current at the foot of the mountain, on which I could erect a water mill, I offered to clear this valuable mine.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tygers and Despots are dangerous Friends.

'THE Sultan was pleased with the proposal; but, recollecting how apt he was to change his humour, and how ill he received me when I returned from his tin mines, I had the precaution to represent that, as this undertaking would be attended with considerable expence, it would be necessary that a year's salary should be advanced to me before my departure for Golconda; and that, if the payments were not in future regularly made, I should be at liberty to resign my employ-

ment, and return to Madras. Prince Abdul Calie was present when the Sultan pledged his word to this, and gave me full powers to employ certain of his artificers and workmen.

'I shall not trouble you with a history of all my difficulties, delays, and disappointments, in the execution of my undertaking; however interesting they were to me, the relation would be tiresome to those who have no diamond mines to drain. It is enough for you to know that at length my engines were set a going properly, and did their business so effectually that the place was by degrees cleared of water, and the workmen were able to open up fresh and valuable veins. During all this time, including a period of three years, my salary was regularly paid to the Gentoo merchant, Omychund, in whose hands I left all my money, upon his promising to pay me as high interest as what I could obtain at Madras. I drew upon him only for such small sums as were absolutely necessary; as I was re-

solved to live with the utmost economy, that I might the sooner be enabled to return in affluence to my native country.

'And here I must pause to praise myself, or rather to rejoice from the bottom of my soul, that I did not, when power was in my hands, make use of it for the purposes of extortion. The condition of the poor slaves, who were employed by me, was envied by all the others; and I have reason to know that, even in the most debased and miserable state of existence, the human heart can be wakened by kind treatment to feelings of affection and gratitude. These slaves became so much attached to me that, although the governor of the mines, and certain diamond merchants, were lying in wait continually to get rid of me some way or other, yet, they never could effect their purposes. I was always apprized of my danger in time, by some of these trusty slaves; who, with astonishing sagacity and fidelity, guarded me whilst I lived amongst them.

'A life of daily suspicion and danger

was, however, terrible; and my influence extended but a little way in making others happy. I might, for a short season, lessen the sufferings of these slaves; but still they were slaves, and most of them were treated scarcely as if they were human beings, by the rapacious adventurers for whom they laboured.

'These poor wretches generally work almost naked: they dare not wear a coat, lest the governor should say they have thriven much, are rich, and so encrease his demands upon them. The wisest, when they find a great stone, conceal it till they have an opportunity; and then, with wife and children, run all away into the Visiapore country, where they are secure and well used*.

'My heart sickened at the daily sight of so much misery; and nothing but my hopes of finally prevailing on the Sultan to better their condition, by shewing him how much he would be the gainer by it,

* Philosophical Transactions.

could have induced me to remain so long in this situation. Repeatedly Tippoo promised me that, the first diamond of twenty pagos' weight which I should bring to him, he would grant me all I asked in favor of the slaves under my care. I imparted to them this promise, which excited them to great exertions. At last, we were fortunate enough to find a diamond above the weight required. It was a well-spread stone, of a beautiful pale rose colour, and of an adamantine hardness. I am sure that the sight of that most famous stone, which is known by the name of Pitt's diamond, never gave its possessor such heart-felt joy as I experienced when I beheld this diamond. I looked upon it as the pledge of future happiness, not only to myself but to hundreds of my fellow-creatures.

'I set out immediately for Tippoo Sultan's court. It was too late in the evening, when I arrived, to see the Sultan that night; so I went to Omychund, the Hindoo merchant, to settle my affairs with

him. He received me with open arms, saying that he had thriven much upon my pagodas and rupees, and that he was ready to account with me for my salary; also for the interest which he owed me; for all which he gave me an order upon an English merchant at Madras, with whom I was well acquainted.

'This being settled to my satisfaction, I told him the business which now brought me to Tippoo's court, and shewed him my rose-coloured diamond. His eyes opened at the sight with a prodigious expression of avaricious eagerness. "Trust me," said he, "keep this diamond. I know Tippoo better than you do: he will not grant those privileges to the slaves that you talk about; and, after all, what concern are they of your's? They are used to the life they lead. They are not Europeans. What concern are they of your's? Once in your native country, you will dream of them no more. You will think only of enjoying the wealth you shall have brought from India. Trust me,

keep the diamond. Fly this night towards Madras. I have a slave who perfectly knows the road across the country: you will be in no danger of pursuit, for the Sultan will suppose you to be still at Golconda. No one could inform him of the truth but myself; and you must see, by the advice I now give you, that I am your firm friend."

'As he finished these words, he clapped his hands, to summon one of his slaves, as he said, to give instant orders for my flight. He looked upon me with incredulous surprise, when I coolly told him that the flight which he proposed was far from my thoughts; and that it was my determination to give to the Sultan the diamond that belonged to him.

'Seeing that I was in earnest, Omychund suddenly changed his countenance; and, in a tone of raillery, asked me whether I could believe that his proposal was serious; then, making a sign to the slave who entered the room, a sumptuous banquet was in a short time set before us, of

which Omychund pressed me to partake, and encouraged me by his example; seeming desirous, by the power of wine and gaiety, to efface all remembrance of our late conversation. Indeed I was left in doubt whether he had been in earnest or not; and, at all events, I gave him to understand that I was incapable of betraying him to the Sultan. I eat, however, but sparingly of the banquet, and drank nothing.

'The next morning, as early as I could, I presented myself before the Sultan, who singled me from the crowd, and took me with him into the apartment of Prince Abdul Calie.

'I proceeded cautiously: Tippoo was all impatience to hear news of his diamond mine, and repeatedly interrupted me in my account of what had been done there, by asking whether we had yet come to any diamonds? I produced first one of a violet color, which I had reserved as a present for Prince Abdul Calie: it was a fine stone, but nothing equal to our rose-

colored diamond. Tippoo admired this, however, so much that I was certain he would be in raptures with that which I had in store for him. Before I shewed it to him, in speaking of the weight of that which I had designed to present to the prince, I reminded him of his royal promise with respect to the slaves. "True," cried the Sultan: "but is this diamond twenty pagos weight? when you bring me one of that value, you may depend upon having all you ask." I instantly produced the rose-colored diamond, weighed it in his presence, and, as the scale in which it was put descended, Tippoo burst forth into an exclamation of joy. I seized the favorable moment; he nodded as I knelt before him, and bid me rise, saying my request was granted; though why I should ask favors for a parcel of mean slaves, he observed, was incomprehensible.

'Prince Abdul Calie did not appear to be of this opinion: he at this instant cast upon me a look full of benevolence;

and, whilst his father was absorbed in the contemplation of his rose-colored diamond, which he weighed I believe a hundred times, the generous young prince presented to me that violet colored diamond which I brought for him. A princely gift made in a princely manner.

'Tippoo's secretary made out for me the necessary order to the governor of the mines, by which a certain share of the profits of his labor was, by the Sultan's command, to belong to each slave; and all those who had been employed in my service were, as a reward for their good conduct, to be emancipated. A number of petty exactions were by this order abolished; and the property acquired in land, dress, &c. by the slaves, was secured to them. Most gladly did I see the Sultan's signet affixed to this paper; and, when it was delivered into my hands, my heart bounded with joy. I resolved to be the bearer of these good tidings myself. Although my passport was made out for Madras, and two hircarrahs, by the Sul-

tan's order, were actually ready to attend me thither, yet, I could not refuse myself the pleasure of beholding the joy of the slaves, at this change in their condition; and, to the latest hour of my life, I shall rejoice that I returned to Golconda the messenger of happiness. Never shall I forget the scene to which I was there a witness! never will the expressions of joy and gratitude be effaced from my memory, which lighted up the black faces of these poor creatures! who, say what we will, have as much sensibility, perhaps more, than we have ourselves.

'No sooner was I awake, the morning after my arrival, than I heard them singing songs under my window, in which my own name was frequently repeated. They received me with a shout of joy when I went out amongst them; and, crowding round me, they pressed me to accept of some little tokens of their gratitude and good-will, which I had not the heart to refuse. The very children, by their caresses, seemed to beg me not to reject these little offerings.

I determined, if ever I reached Europe, to give all of them to you, Sir, my good master, as the best present I could make to one of your way of thinking.

'The day after my arrival was spent in rejoicings. All the slaves, who had worked under my inspection, had saved some little matters, with which they had purchased for their wives and for themselves colored cottons, and handkerchiefs for their heads. Now that they were not in dread of being robbed or persecuted, by the governor of the mines, they ventured to produce them in open day. These cottons of Malabar are dyed of remarkably bright and gaudy colors; and, when the slaves appeared decked in them, it was to me one of the gayest spectacles I ever beheld. They were dancing with a degree of animation of which, till then, I never had an idea.

'I stood under the shade of a large Banyan tree, enjoying the sight; when suddenly I felt from behind a blow on my head which stunned me. I fell to the ground; and, when I came to my senses,

found myself in the hands of four armed soldiers, and a black, who was pulling my diamond ring from my finger. They were carrying me away amid the cries and lamentations of the slaves who followed us. "Stand off: it is in vain you shriek," said one of the soldiers to the surrounding croud: "what we do is by order of the Sultan. Thus he punishes traitors."

'Without further explanation, I was thrown into a dungeon belonging to the governor of the mines, who stood by with insulting joy to see me chained to a large stone in my horrid prison. I knew him to be my enemy: but what was my astonishment when I recollected in the countenance of the black, who was fastening my chains and loading me with curses, that very Saheb, whose life I had formerly saved! To all my questions no answer was given, but, "it is the will of the Sultan;" or, "thus the Sultan avenges himself upon traitors."

'The door of my dungeon was then locked and barred, and I was left alone in

perfect darkness. Is this, thought I, the reward of all my faithful services? Bitterly did I regret that I was not in my native country, where no man, at the will of a Sultan, can be thrown into a dungeon, without knowing his crime or his accusers. I cannot attempt to describe to you what I felt, during this most miserable day of my existence. Feeble at last, for want of food, I stretched myself out, as well as my chains would allow me, and tried to compose myself to sleep. I sunk into a state of insensibility, in which I must have remained for several hours, for it was midnight when I was roused by the unbarring of my prison door. It was the black, Saheb, who entered, carrying in one hand a torch, and in the other some food, which he set before me in silence. I cast upon him a look of scorn, and was about to reproach him with his ingratitude, when he threw himself at my feet, and burst into tears. "Is it possible," said he to me, "that you are not sure of the heart of Saheb. You saved my life; I am come to save

yours. But eat, master," continued he; "eat whilst I speak, for we have no time to lose. To-morrow's sun must see us far from hence. You cannot support the fatigues you have to undergo without taking food."

'I yielded to his entreaties, and, whilst I eat, Saheb informed me that my imprisonment was owing to the treacherous Hindoo merchant, Omychund; who, in hopes, I suppose, of possessing himself in quiet of all the wealth which I had entrusted to his care, went to the Sultan, and accused me of having secreted certain diamonds of great value, which he pretended I had shewn to him in confidence. Tippoo, enraged at this, dispatched immediate orders, to four of his soldiers, to go in search of me, seize, imprison, and torture me, till I should confess where these diamonds were concealed. Saheb was in the Sultan's apartment when this order was given, and immediately hastened to Prince Abdul Calie, whom he knew to be my friend, and informed him of what had happened. The

prince sent for Omychund, and, after carefully questioning him, was convinced by his contradictory answers, and by his confusion, that the charge against me was wholly unfounded: he dismissed Omychund, however, without letting him know his opinion, and then sent Saheb for the four soldiers, who were setting out in search of me. In their presence, he gave Saheb orders aloud to take charge of me, the moment I should be found, and secretly commissioned him to favour my escape. The soldiers thought that in obeying the Prince they obeyed the Sultan; and consequently, when I was taken and lodged in my dungeon, the keys of it were delivered to Saheb.

'When he had finished telling me all this, he restored to me my ring, which he said he snatched from my finger, as soon as I was seized, that I might not be robbed of it by the governor, or some of the soldiers.

'The grateful Saheb now struck off my chains; and my own anxiety for my escape was scarcely equal to his. He had swift

horses belonging to the soldiers in readiness: and we pursued our course all night without interruption. He was well acquainted with the country, having accompanied the Sultan on several expeditions. When we thought ourselves beyond the reach of all pursuers, Saheb permitted me to rest; but I never rested at my ease till I was out of Tippoo Sultan's dominions, and once more in safety at Madras. Dr. Bell received me with great kindness, heard my story, and congratulated me on my escape from Tippoo's power.

'I was now rich beyond my hopes; for I had Omychund's order upon the Madras merchant safe in my pocket, and the whole sum was punctually paid to me. My ring I sold to the governor of Madras for more even than I expected.

'I had the satisfaction to learn, before I left Madras, that Omychund's treachery was made known to the Sultan, by means of Prince Abdul Calie, whose memory will ever be dear to me. Tippoo, as I have been informed, in speaking of me, wa

heard to regret that he could not recal to his service such an honest Englishman.

'I was eager to reward the faithful Saheb, but he absolutely refused the money which I offered him: saying, "that he would not be paid for saving the life of one who had saved his." He expressed a great desire to accompany me to my native country, from the moment that I told him we had no slaves there; and that, as soon as any slave touched the English shore, by our laws, he obtained his freedom. He pressed me so earnestly to take him along with me, as my servant, that I could not refuse, so he sailed with me for Europe. As the wind filled the sails of our vessel, much did I rejoice that the gales which blew me from the shores of India were not tainted with the curses of any of my fellow-creatures. Here I am, thank heaven! once more in free and happy England, with a good fortune, clean hands, and a pure conscience, not unworthy to present myself to my first good

master, to him whose humanity and generosity were the cause of ——'

Here, Mr. R—— interrupted his own praises, by saying to those of the miners who had not fallen fast asleep, 'my good friends, you now know the meaning of the toast which you all drank after dinner; let us drink it again before we part: "Welcome home to our friend Jervas, and may good faith always meet with good fortune!"

October, 1799.

THE WILL.

THE WILL.

CHAPTER I.

The Tenor of the Will; and a Dialogue between the Candidates.

MR. PEARSON, a wealthy Lincolnshire farmer, who had always been esteemed a prudent sensible man, though something of a *humorist*, made the following Will:

" I, John Pearson, of *The Wold* in Lin-
" colnshire, farmer, being of sound mind
" and body, do make this my last will and
" testament, &c. &c.

" I give and bequeath my farm of
" West Wold land to my eldest nephew,
" Grimes Goodenough; my farm of Hol-
" land-fen to my dear nephew, John
" Wright; and my farm of Clover-hill to
" my youngest nephew, Pierce Marvel."

"I further will and desire that the "sum of ten thousand pounds, which is "now in the hands of William Constan-"tine, gentleman, my executor, may by "him, immediately after my decease, be "put out to interest for ten years; and I "will and desire that, at the end of the "said ten years, the said sum of ten thou-"sand pounds, and the interest so accu-"mulated thereon, be given to which-"soever of my aforesaid nephews shall at "that time be the richest.

"And I trust that the said William "Constantine, gentleman, my executor "and very good friend, being a clear-"headed honest man, will understand "and execute this my last will and testa-"ment, according to the plain meaning "of my words; though it should happen "that this my will should not be drawn "up in due legal form, of which I know "little or nothing."

Mr. Constantine, the executor, being, as described, a clear-headed honest man, found no difficulty either in understanding

or executing his trust: the ten thousand pounds were, immediately upon Pearson's decease, placed out upon interest; and the three nephews were put into possession of their farms.

These were of very different value. Goodenough's wanted improvement, but would pay richly for any that should be judiciously made. Wright's farm was by far the worst of the three; and Marvels the best.

The Lincolnshire world was much divided in opinion, concerning these young men; and many bets were laid relating to the legacy. People judged according to their own characters; the enterprising declared for Marvel, the prudent for Wright, the timid for Goodenough.

The nephews had scarcely been in possession of their farms a week when, one evening, as they were all supping together at Wright's house, Marvel suddenly turned to Goodenough, and exclaimed——

'When do you begin your improvements, cousin Goodenough?'

'Never, cousin Marvel.'

'Then you'll never touch the ten thousand, my boy. What! will you do nothing to your marsh? Nothing to your common? Nothing to your plantations? Do not you mean ever to make any improvements?'

'I mean not to make any improvements.'

'Well, you'll let me make some for you.'

'Not I.'

'No! Won't you let me cut down some of those trees for you, that are spoiling one another in your wood?'

'Not a tree shall be cut down. Not a stick shall be stirred. Not a change shall be made, I say.'

'Not a change for the better, cousin Goodenough?' said Wright.

'No change can be for the better to my mind; I shall plough and sow and reap as our forefathers did, and that's enough for me.'

'What, will you not even try the new plough?' said Marvel.

'Not I: no new ploughs for me—No plough can be so good as the old one.'

'How do you know, as you never tried it or would see it tried?' said Wright: 'I find it better than the old one."

'No matter; the old one will do well enough for me, as it did for my father before me.'

After having repeated these words in precisely the same tone several times, he went on slowly eating his supper, whilst Marvel in detestation of his obstinate stupidity turned his back upon him, and began to enumerate to Wright sundry of his own ingenious projects.

'My dear Wright,' said he, 'you are worth talking to, and you shall hear all my schemes.'

'Willingly, but I do not promise to approve of them all.'

'Oh! you will, you will, the moment you hear them; and I will let you have a

share in some of them. In the first place, there's that fine rabbit-warren near Clover-hill. The true silver grey rabbits, *silver-sprigs*, they call them. Do you know that the skins of those *silver-sprigs* are worth any money?'

'Any money! What money?'

'Pooh, I don't know exactly: but I mean to buy that warren.'

'Before you know what it is worth! Let us consider; each dozen of skins is worth, say, from ten to fifteen shillings.'

'You need not trouble yourself to calculate now,' interrupted Marvel, 'for I have determined to have the warren. With the money that I shall get for my silver sprigs, I will next year make a decoy, and supply the London market with wild fowl. Don't you remember, the day that we met Simon Stubbs, the carrier, loaded with game and wild fowl, he said that a decoy in Lincolnshire must be a fortune to any man. I'll have the best decoy not only in Lincolnshire but in all England. By the bye, there's another

thing I must do, Wright; I'll exchange any part of Clover-hill you please with you for as much land in Holland-fen.'

'Take him at his word, cousin Wright,' said Goodenough.

'No, no,' replied Wright, 'I know the value of land, and the difference between Clover-hill and Holland-fen, better than he does: I would not take him at his word, for that would be taking him in.'

'I would not take nobody in,' said Goodenough; 'but, if another man is a fool, that's no reason I should be one. Now, if a man offers me a good bargain, why should not I close with him and say,——Done?'

'Then say done,' cried Marvel, 'and you shall have the bargain, Goodenough. You have an undrained marsh of your own: I'll exchange with you, and welcome ten acres of the marsh for five of Clover-hill.'

'Done,' said Goodenough.

'Done. I shall stock it with geese, and you'll see what the quills and feathers

alone will bring me in. I've engaged with one already to sell them for me. But, Wright, here's another scheme I have. Wildmore common, you know, is covered with those huge thistles, which prick the noses of the sheep so as to hinder them from feeding and fattening: I will take that common into my own hands.'

'Aye,' said Goodenough; 'exchange the rest of Clover-hill for it:—that's like you!'

'And I will mow the thistles,' pursued Marvel, without deigning to reply to Goodenough. 'I will mow the thistles; their down I can contrive to work up into cotton, and the stalks into cordage: and, with the profit I shall make of these thistles, and of my decoy, and of my goose-quills and feathers, and of my silver-sprig rabbits, I will buy jackets for my sheep, for my sheep shall all have jackets after shearing. Why should not Lincolnshire sheep, if they have jackets, become as valuable as the Leicestershire breed? You'll see my

sheep will be the finest in the whole county; and, with the profit I shall make of them, I will set up a fishery in fen-lake: and with the profits of the fishery—Now comes my grand scheme—I shall be the richest of you all! with the profits of the fishery, and the decoy, and the sheep, and the silver sprigs, and the quills and feathers, and geese and thistles, I will purchase that fine heronry, near Spalding.'

At these words, Goodenough laid down his knife and fork; and, sticking his arms a-kimbo, laughed contemptuously, if not heartily.

'So, then, the end of all this turmoil is to purchase a heronry! Much good may it do you, cousin Marvel. You understand your own affairs best: you will make great *improvements*, I grant, and no doubt will be the richest of us all. The ten thousand pounds will be yours for certain: for, as we all know, Cousin Marvel, you are a genius!—But why a genius should set his fancy upon a heronry, of

all things in this mortal world, is more than I can pretend to tell; being no genius myself.'

'Look here, Wright,' continued Marvel, still without vouchsafing any direct reply to Goodenough; 'here's a description, in this last newspaper, of the fine present that the Grand Seignior has made to his Majesty. The plume of herons' feathers alone is estimated at a thousand guineas! Think of what I shall make by my heronry! At the end of ten years, I shall be so rich that it will hardly be worth my while,' said Marvel, laughing, 'to accept of my uncle's legacy. I will give it to you, Wright; for you are a generous fellow, and I am sure you will deserve it.'

CHAPTER II.

Hasty Conclusions are but seldom just.

IN return for this liberal promise, Wright endeavoured to convince Marvel that, if he attempted such a variety of schemes at once, they would probably all fail; and that, to ensure success, it would be necessary to calculate, and to make himself master of the business, before he should undertake to conduct it. Marvel, however, was of too sanguine and presumptuous a temper to listen to this sage advice: he was piqued by the sneers of his cousin Goodenough, and determined to prove the superiority of his own spirit and intellect. He plunged at once into the midst of a business which he did not understand. He took a rabbit warren, of two hundred and fifty acres, into his hands; stocked ten acres of marsh land with geese, and exchanged some of the best part of Clover-hill for a share in a common

covered with thistles. He planted a considerable tract of land, with a degree of expedition that astonished all the neighbourhood: but it was remarked that the fences were not quite sufficient; especially as the young trees were in a dangerous situation, being surrounded by land stocked with sheep and horned cattle. Wright warned him of the danger; but he had not time this year, he said, to complete the fences: the men who tended his sheep might easily keep them from the plantation for this season, and the next spring he purposed to dig such a ditch round the whole as should secure it for ever. He was now extremely busy, making jackets for his sheep, providing willows for his decoy, and gorse and corn for his geese: the geese, of which he had a prodigious flock, were not yet turned into their fen, because a new scheme had occurred to Marvel, relative to some reeds with which a part of this fen was covered; on these reeds myriads of starlings were accustomed to roost, who broke them down with

their weight. Now Marvel knew that such reeds would be valuable for thatching, and with this view he determined to drive away the starlings; but the measures necessary for this purpose would frighten his friends, the geese, and therefore he was obliged to protect and feed them in his farm-yard, at a considerable expence, whilst he was carrying on the war with the starlings. He fired guns at them, morning and evening, he sent up rockets and kites with fiery tails, and at last he banished them; but half his geese, in the mean time, died for want of food; and the women and children, who plucked them, stole one quarter of the feathers, and one half of the quills, whilst Marvel was absent letting up rockets in the fen.

The rabbit-warren was, however, to make up for all other losses: a furrier had engaged to take as many silver sprigs from him as he pleased, at sixteen shillings a dozen, provided he should send them properly dressed, and in time to be shipped for China, where these silver grey rabbit

skins sold to the best advantage. As winter came on, it was necessary to supply the warren with winter food: and Marvel was much astonished at the multitude of unforeseen expences, into which his rabbits led him. The banks of the warren wanted repair, and the warrener's house was not habitable in bad weather: these appeared but slight circumstances, when Marvel made the purchase; but, alas! he had reason to change his opinion in the course of a few months. The first week in November, there was a heavy fall of snow; and the warren walls should have been immediately cleared of snow, to have kept the rabbits within their bounds: but Marvel happened this week to be on a visit in Yorkshire, and he was *obliged* to leave the care of the warren entirely to the warrener, who was *obliged* to quit his house during the snow, and to take shelter with a neighbour: he neglected to clear the walls; and Marvel, upon his return home, found that his silver sprigs had strayed into a neighbouring warren. The

second week in November is the time when the rabbits are usually killed, as the skins are then in full prime: it was in vain that Marvel raised a hue and cry after his silver sprigs: a fortnight passed away before one third of them could be recovered. The season was lost, and the furrier sued him for breach of contract; and, what was worse, Goodenough laughed at his misfortunes. The next year he expected to retrieve his loss: he repaired the warrener's house, new faced the banks, and capped them with furze; but the common grey rabbit had been introduced into the warren, by the stragglers of the preceding year; and, as these grey rabbits are of a much more hardy race than the silver sprigs, they soon obtained and kept possession of the land. Marvel now pronounced rabbits to be the most useless and vexatious animals upon earth; and, in one quarter of an hour, thoroughly convinced himself that tillage was far more profitable than rabbits. He ploughed up his warren, and sowed it with corn; but, unluckily,

his attention had been so much taken up by the fishery, the decoy, the geese, the thistles, and the hopes of the heronry, that he totally forgot his intention of making the best of all possible ditches round his plantation. When he went to visit this plantation, he beheld a miserable spectacle; the rabbits which had strayed beyond their bounds during the great snow, and those which had been hunted from their burrows, when the warren was ploughed up, had all taken shelter in this spot: and these refugees supported themselves, for some months, upon the bark and roots of the finest young trees.

Marvel's loss was great, but his mortification still greater; for his cousin Goodenough laughed at him without mercy. Something must be done, he saw, to retrieve his credit: and the heronry was his resource.

'What will signify a few trees, more or less,' thought he, 'or the loss of a few silver sprigs, or the death of a few geese, or the waste of a few quills and fea-

thers? My sheep will sell well, my thistles will bring me up again; and as soon as I have sold my sheep at Partney fair, and manufactured my thistles, I will set out, with my money in my pocket, for Spalding, and make my bargain for the heronry. A plume of herons' feathers is worth a thousand guineas! My fortune will be made when I get possession of the Spalding-heronry.'

So intent was Marvel upon the thoughts of the Spalding-heronry, that he neglected every thing else. About a week before the fair of Partney, he bethought himself of his sheep, which he had left to the care of a Shepherd boy: he now ordered the boy to drive them home, that he might see them. Their jackets hung upon them like bags: the poor animals had fallen away in the most deplorable manner. Marvel could scarcely believe that these were his sheep; or that these were the sheep which he had expected to be the pride of Lincolnshire, and which he had hoped would set the fashion of

jackets. Behold they were dying of the rot!——

'What an unfortunate man I am!' exclaimed Marvel, turning to his cousin Wright, whom he had summoned along with Goodenough, in the pride of his heart, to view, value, and admire, his sheep. 'All your sheep, Wright, are fat and sound: mine were finer than yours when I bought them: how comes it that I am so unlucky?'

'Jack of all trades, and master of none!' said Goodenough with a sneer.

'You forgot, I am afraid, what I told you, when first you bought these sheep,' said Wright, 'that you should always keep them in fold, every morning, till the dew was off: if you had done so they would now be as well and thriving as mine. Do not you remember my telling you that?'

'Yes; and I charged this boy always to keep them in fold till the dew was off,' replied Marvel, turning with an angry countenance to the shepherd boy.

'I never heard nothing of it, till this minute, I am sure, Master,' said the boy.

Marvel now recollected that, at the very moment when he was going to give this order to the boy, his attention had been drawn away by the sight of a new decoy in the fields adjoining to his sheep pasture. In his haste to examine the decoy, he forgot to give that order to his shepherd, on which the safety of his fine flock of sheep depended*. Such are the negligences and blunders of those who endeavour to do half a dozen things at once.

* A General View of the agriculture of the County of Lincoln, p. 330. "It well deserves noting that a shepherd, who, when young, was shepherd's boy to an old man, who lived at Netlam, near Lincoln, a place famous for the rot, told Mr. Neve that he was persuaded sheep took the rot only of a morning, before the dew was well off. At that time they folded, being open field: his master's shepherd kept his flock in fold always till the dew was gone; and, with no other attention, his sheep were kept sound, when all the neighbours lost their flocks."

CHAPTER III.

Successive Disappointments are consoled by successive Hopes.

THE failure of one undertaking never discouraged Marvel from beginning another; and it is a pity that, with so much spirit and activity, he had so little steadiness and prudence. His sheep died, and he set out for Spalding full of the thoughts of the heronry. Now this heronry belonged to Sir Plantagenet Mowbray, an elderly gentleman, who was almost distracted with family pride: he valued himself upon never having parted with one inch of the landed property that had descended to him, through a long line of ancestors, from the Plantagenets. He looked down upon the whole race of farmers and traders as beings of a different species from himself; and the indignation with which he heard, from a Lincolnshire farmer, a proposal to purchase his heronry, may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described. It

was in vain that Marvel rose in his offers; it was in vain that he declared he was ready to give any price that Sir Plantagenet would set upon the heronry. Sir Plantagenet sent word, by his steward, that not a feather of his birds should be touched; that he was astonished at the insolence of such a proposal; and that he advised Marvel to keep out of the way of *his people*, lest they should revenge the insult that had been offered to their master.

This haughty answer, and the disappointment of all his hopes and schemes respecting the heronry, threw Marvel into a degree of rage scarcely inferior to what was felt by Sir Plantagenet. As he was galloping down the avenue from Plantagenet-hall, he overtook a young man, of a shabby appearance, who was mounted upon a very fine horse. At first, Marvel took it for granted that he was one of Sir Plantagenet's *people*, and he was riding past him, when he heard the stranger say, in a friendly tone, ‘ Your horse gallops well,

Sir: but have a care; there's a carrion a little way farther on that may startle him.'

Marvel pulled in his horse; the stranger rode up beside him, and they entered into conversation. 'That carrion, Sir,' said he, pointing to the dead horse, which had just been shot for the baronet's son's hounds, 'That carrion, Sir, was in my opinion the best horse Sir Plantagenet, or his son either, were possessed of. 'Tis a shame for any man, who pretends to be a gentleman, and who talks this way and that so high of his family, should be so stingy in the article of horse-flesh.'

Marvel was not unwilling at this instant to hear the haughty baronet blamed and ridiculed; and his companion exactly fell in with his humor, by telling a variety of anecdotes to prove Sir Plantagenet to be every thing that was odious and contemptible. The history of his insolence about the heronry was now related by Marvel; and the stranger seemed to sympathise so much in his feelings that, from a stranger, he began to consider him

as a friend. Insensibly the conversation returned to the point at which it commenced; and his new friend observed that it was in vain to expect any thing good from any gentleman, or indeed from any man, who was stingy in the article of horse-flesh.'

A new sense of honor and of shame began to rise in our hero's mind; and he sat uneasy in his saddle, whilst he reflected that the horse, upon which he was mounted, was perhaps as deservedly an object of contempt as any of Sir Plantagenet's stud. His new friend, without seeming to notice his embarrassment, continued his conversation; and drew a tempting picture of the pleasures and glories of a horse race: he said, 'he was just training a horse for the York races, and a finer animal never was crossed. Sir Plantaganet's eldest son would have been the proudest and happiest of men, if his father would but have bought the horse for him: but he had refused, and the youth himself had not

the price, or half the price, at his command.'

Our hero was no judge of horses, but he was ambitious to prove that his spirit was superior to that of the haughty baronet; and that something good might be expected from him, as he was not stingy in horse-flesh. Besides, he was worked up to a high degree of curiosity to see the York races; and his companion assured him that he could not appear there, without being well mounted. In short, the hour was not at an end before he had offered a hundred guineas for the finest horse that ever was crossed. He was charmed with the idea that he should meet Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's son and heir at the York races, and should shew him that he was able and willing to pay for the horse which his arrogant father could not afford to purchase.

From the anecdote of the heronry, his companion perceived that Marvel was a man fond of projects; and he proposed to

him a scheme, which caught his fancy so much that it consoled him for the loss of the heronry. It was the fault of our enterprising hero's character always to think the last scheme for making a fortune the best. As soon as he reached home he was in haste to abandon some of his old projects, which now appeared to him flat, stale, and unprofitable. About a score of his flock, tho' tainted with the rot, were not yet dead; he was eager to sell them, but no one would buy sheep of such a wretched appearance. At last Wright took them off his hands. ' I will throw the threescore jackets into the bargain," said Marvel; for you are a generous fellow, to offer so handsomely for my poor sheep, and you deserve to be treated as you treat others. If I come in at the end of the ten years for the legacy, I shall remember you, as I told you before: as to my cousin Goodenough, here, he thinks so much of himself that there is no occasion for others to think of him. I asked him to join me in a bond, yesterday, for a hun-

dred pounds, just to try him, and he refused me. When I come in for the legacy, I will cut him off with a shilling,—I give him fair notice.'——

'Cut me off with what you will,' said Goodenough sullenly: 'not a farthing of my money shall ever be lent to one that has a project for every day in the year. Get into what difficulties you may, I will never join you in any bond, I promise you. It is enough for me to take care of myself.'

'Don't flatter yourself that I am getting into any difficulties,' replied Marvel. 'I wanted the hundred guineas only to pay for a horse; and the friend who sold him to me will wait my convenience.'

'The *friend*,' said Wright, 'Do you mean that man who rode home with you from Spalding?—I advise you not to make a friend of him, for he is a notorious jockey.'

'He will not take *me* in though,' said Marvel: 'I am as sharp as he is, and he sees that: so we understand one another

very well. To my certain knowledge, a hundred and twenty guineas could be had to-morrow for the horse I bought from him; yet he let me have him for a hundred.'

'And how can a man of your sense, cousin Marvel,' said Wright, 'believe that a person, who never saw you till within these three days, would be so much your friend as to make you a present of twenty guineas?

'A present!'

'Yes; if he let's you have a horse for a hundred, which you can sell for a hundred and twenty, does not he make you a present of twenty guineas?'

'Well, but I can tell you the reason for all that: he wants me to enter into a scheme with him, for breeding horses on the commons here; and so he would not, at first setting out, stand to higgle with me for the price of a horse.'

'And would you for twenty guineas,' cousin Marvel, run the hazard of joining in any scheme with a man of his charac-

ter. Pray enquire in the country, and in York where you are going, what sort of a character this man bears. Take my advice, pay him for his horse, and have nothing more to do with him.

'But I have not the ready cash to pay him for his horse, that's one thing,' said Marvel.

'Let that be no difficulty,' replied Wright; 'for I have a hundred guineas here, just brought home from Partney-fair, and they are heartily at your service.'

Goodenough twitched Wright's elbow three times as he uttered these words; but Wright finished his sentence, and put the money into Marvel's hands immediately upon his promising to pay for the horse, break off all connexion with his friend the jockey, if he should find upon enquiry that he was not a person of good character, and at all events to suspend any treaty with him till after his return from York.

'Whilst you are gone,' said Wright, 'I will make enquiries about the profit of

breeding of horses on the commons. I have an acquaintance, a sensible old man, who has kept accounts of what he has done in that way himself; and he will shew us his accounts, from which we shall be able to judge.'

CHAPTER IV.

He is fortunate whose Friend is a Man of sound Understanding.

MARVEL acknowledged the good sense of this advice, and set out the next morning for York races. Wright heard nothing more of him for about a fortnight: he then received the following letter:

"DEAR COUSIN WRIGHT,

"It is a very great pity that you could not be persuaded to come along with me to York races, where I have seen more of life, and of the world in a week, than ever I did in all my life before. —York is a surprising fine town; and

has a handsome cathedral, and assembly-room: but I am not in the humour, just now, to describe them: so I shall proceed to what is much better worth thinking of.

"You must know, cousin Wright, that I am in love, and never was I so happy or so miserable in my days. If I was not a farmer there would be some hopes for me; but, to be sure, it is not to be expected that such a lady as she is should think of a mere country booby: in which light, indeed, she was pleased to say, as I heard from good authority, she did not consider me; though my manners wanted polish. These were her own words. I shall spare nothing to please her, if possible, and am not wholly without hope: though I have a powerful rival; no less a person than the eldest son and heir of Sir Plantagenet Mowbray, Bart. But her virtue will never, I am persuaded, suffer her to listen to such addresses as his. Now, mine are honorable, and pure as her soul: the purity of which no one could doubt, who had seen her last night, as I did, in the character of

the Fair Penitent. She was universally admired; and another night sung and danced like an angel. But I can give you no idea of her by pen and ink; so I beseech you to come and see her, and give your advice to me candidly, for I have the highest opinion of your judgment and good-nature.

"I find you were quite right about that scoundrel who rode with me from Spalding! He has arrested me for a hundred guineas; and is, without exception, the shabbiest dog I ever met with: but I am out of his clutches, and have better friends. I will tell you the whole story when we meet, and pay you your hundred with many thanks. Pray set out as soon as you receive this, for every moment is an age to me; and I won't declare myself, more than I have done, if possible, till you come; for I have a great opinion of your judgment: yet hope you won't put on your severe face, nor be prejudiced against her, because of her being on the stage. Leave such illiberality to cousin Goodenough: it

would be quite beneath you! Pray bring with you that volume of old plays that is at the top of my bed, under the bag of thistles; or in the basket of reeds that I was making; or in the out-house, where I keep the goose-quills and feathers. I don't find my memory so clear, since my head is so full of this charming Alicia Barton. Pray make no delay, as you value the peace of mind of your

Affectionate Cousin

and Friend,

PIERCE MARVEL."

"P.S. Mr. Barton, her brother, is the most generous of men, and the cleverest. He is not averse to the match. Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's son and heir, who is as insolent as his father, may find that a Lincolnshire farmer is not a person to be despised. I have thoughts of selling my farm of Clover-hill, and of going into another way of life; for which, as Mr. Barton said, and

Alicia hinted, nay, and as I am inclined to believe too, I am much better suited than for farming. Of this more when we meet. Pray set out as soon as you receive this. Alicia has dark eyes, and yet a fair complexion. I am sure you will like her."

Far from feeling sure that he should like Miss Alicia Barton, Wright was so much alarmed for his cousin, on the perusal of this letter, that he resolved to set out immediately for York, lest the sale of Clover-hill should be concluded before his arrival. A new project, and a new love, were, indeed, powerful temptations to one of Marvel's character.

As Goodenough was plodding at his accustomed pace to his morning's work, he met Wright on horseback, who asked him if he had any commissions that he could execute in York, whither he was going.

'None, thank heaven,' said Goodenough. 'So, I see it is as I always knew

it would be! Marvel is 'ticing you into his own ways, and will make you just such another as *his* self. Aye, you must go to York races! Well, so much the better for me. Much pleasure to you at the races.'

'I am not going to the races, I am going to do Marvel a service.'

'Charity begins at home: that's my maxim,' replied Goodenough.

'It is quite fitting that charity should *begin* at home,' said Wright, 'but then it should *end* at home; for those that help nobody will find none to help them, in time of need.'

'Those that help nobody will not be so apt to come to need,' replied Goodenough. 'But yonder's my men standing idle. If I but turn my head, that's the way of 'em. Good morrow to you, cousin Wright. I can't stand argufying here about charity, which won't plough my ground, nor bring me a jot nearer to the ten thousand pounds legacy: so good morrow to you. My service to cousin Marvel.'

Goodenough proceeded to his men, who were in truth standing idle, as it was their custom to do when the master's eye was not, as they thought, upon them; for he kept them so hard at work, when he was present, that not a labouring man in the county would hire himself to Goodenough, when he could get employment elsewhere. Goodenough's partisans, however, observed that he got his money's worth out of every man he employed; and that this was the way to grow rich. The question, said they, is not which will be the best beloved, of the three nephews, but which will be the richest at the end of ten years; and, on this ground, who can dispute that Goodenough's maxim is the best, "Charity begins at home?" Wright's friends looked rather alarmed when they heard of this journey to York; and Marvel's advocates, though they put a good face upon the matter, heartily wished him safe home from York races.

Upon Wright's arrival in York, he found it no easy matter to discover his

cousin Marvel; for he had forgotten to date his letter, and no direction was given to inn or lodging: at last, after enquiring at all the public-houses without success, Wright bethought himself of asking where Miss Alicia Barton, the actress, lodged; for there he would probably meet her lover. Mr. Harrison, an eminent dyer, to whom he applied for information, very civilly offered to show him to the house. Wright had gained this dyer's good opinion by the punctuality with which he had, for three years past, supplied him, at the day and hour appointed, with the quantity of woad for which he had agreed. Punctuality never fails to gain the good opinion of men of business.

As the dyer walked with Wright to Miss Barton's lodgings, they entered into conversation about her; and Wright asked what character she bore. 'I know nothing of her character, for my own share,' said Harrison, 'not being in that line of business; but I think I could put

you in a way of seeing her in her true colors, whatever they may be; for she is very intimate with a milliner, whom my wife (though not with my good will entirely) visits. In return for which, I shall be glad that you will do my business along with your own; and let me know if any thing is going wrong.'

The dyer introduced Wright to the milliner as a gentleman farmer, who wanted to take home with him a fashionable cap and bonnet, or two, for some ladies in Lincolnshire. The milliner ordered down some dusty band-boxes, which she protested and vowed were just arrived from London with the newest fashions; and, whilst she was displaying these, Wright talked of the races, and the players, and Miss Alicia Barton.

'Is she as handsome as they say? I have a huge *cur'osity* to see her,' said Wright; feigning more rusticity of manner, and more simplicity than was natural to him. 'I have, truly, a wounded *cur'osity* to see her, I've heard so much of her, even down in Lincolnshire.'

'If you go to see the play, Sir, you can't fail to have your curiosity gratified; for Miss Barton plays to-night.——(Jenny! reach me a play-bill,—for her own benefit; and appears in her very best character; the Romp.'

'The Romp!—Odds!—Is that her best character? Why now, to my notion, bad's the best, if that be the best of her characters. The Romp!—Odds so!—What would our grandmothers say to that?'

'Oh, Sir, times are changed, as well as fashions are, since our grandmothers days,' said the milliner. 'Put up this bonnet for the gentleman, Jenny.—I am sure I don't pretend to say any thing in favour of the times, whatever I may of the fashions. But, as to fashion, to be sure no one can be more fashionable, here in York, than Miss Barton. All our gentlemen are dying for her.'

'Odds my life, I'll keep out of her way! And yet I've a huge cur'osity to set my eyes upon her. Pray, now, could

I any way get to the sight or speech of her in a room, or so? for seeing a woman on the stage is one thing, and seeing her off, as I take it, is another.'

'I take it so too, Sir. Jenny, put up the cap for the gentleman, and make out a bill.'

'No, No; the bonnet's all I want, which I'll pay for on the nail.'

Wright took out a long purse full of guineas; then put it up again, and opened a pocket-book full of bank notes. The milliner's respect for him obviously encreased. 'Jenny! Do run and see who's within there. Miss Barton was trying on her dress, I think, half an hour ago: may be she'll pass through this way, and the gentleman may have a sight of her, since it weighs so much upon his mind. Let me put up the cap too, Sir: it's quite the fashion, you may assure the Lincolnshire ladies.—Oh, here's Miss Barton.'

Miss Barton made her appearance, with all her most bewitching smiles and graces. Without seeming to notice Wright,

she seated herself in a charming attitude; and, leaning pensively on the counter, addressed her conversation to her friend, the milliner: but, at every convenient pause, she cast an enquiring glance at Wright, who stood with his long purse of guineas in his hand, and his open pocket-book of bank notes before him, as if he had been so much astounded, by the lady's appearance, that he could not recover his recollection. Now, Wright was a remarkably well-shaped handsome man, and Miss Barton was in reality as much struck with his appearance as he feigned to be by her's. No forbidding reserve condemned him to silence; and, as if inspired by the hope of pleasing, he soon grew talkative.

'This is the most rare town: this, your town of York,' said he; 'I do not well know how I shall ever be able to get myself out of it: so many many fine sights, my eyes be quite dazzled!'

'And pray, Sir, which of all the fine sights do you like the best?' said the milliner.

'Oh, the ladies be the finest of all the fine sights: and I know who I think the finest lady I ever beheld—but will never tell—never.'

'Never, Sir?' said the milliner, whilst Miss Barton modestly cast down her eyes. 'Never's a bold word, Sir. I've a notion you'll live to break that rash resolution.'

Miss Barton sighed, and involuntarily looked at the glass.

'Why, where's the use,' pursued Wright, 'of being laughed at? Where's the sense of being scoffed at, as a man might be, that would go for to pay a compliment, not well knowing how, to a lady that is used to have court made to her by the first gentlemen in all York?'

'Those that think they don't know how to pay a compliment, often pay the best to my fancy,' said the milliner. 'What says Miss Barton?'

Miss Barton sighed, and blushed; or looked as if she meant to blush; and then, raising her well-practised eyes, exclaimed, with theatrical tones and gestures:

'Ye sacred powers, whose gracious providence
'Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
'From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flatteries:
'Still let me pass neglected by their eyes:
'Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
'That none may think it worth their while to ruin me,
'And fatal love may never be my bane.'

Scarcely had she concluded her speech, when Pierce Marvel came breathless into the shop. Wright was standing so as to be completely hidden by the door; and Marvel, not seeing his friend, addressed himself, as soon as he had breath, to his mistress. The lady's manner immediately changed, and Wright had an opportunity of seeing and admiring her powers of acting. To Marvel, she was coy and disdainful.

'I expect my friend and relation in town every hour,' said he to her in a low voice; 'and then I shall be able to settle with your brother about the sale of Cloverhill. You half promised that you would walk with me this morning.'

'Not without my brother: excuse me, Sir,' said the coy lady, withdrawing with the dignity of a princess. 'When your friend arrives, for whose advice I presume you wait, you will be able to decide *your* heart. Mine cannot be influenced by base lucre, or mercenary considerations—Unhand me, Sir.'

'I will run immediately to the inn, to see whether my friend is come,' cried Marvel. 'Believe me, I am as much above mercenary considerations as yourself; but I have promised not to conclude upon the sale till he comes, and he would take it ill to be sent for, and then to be made a fool of. I'll run to the Green Man again immediately, to see if he is come.'

CHAPTER V.

Warm Feelings and cool Discretion are sometimes, though rarely, allied.

MARVEL darted out of the shop. Wright, during this parley, which lasted but a few seconds, had kept himself snug in his hiding-place, and appeared to the milliner to be wholly absorbed in casting up his bill, in which there was a shilling wrong. He came from behind the door as soon as Marvel departed; and, saying that he would call for his purchases in an hour's time, left the milliner's, took a hackney-coach, and drove to the Green-man, where he was now sure of meeting his cousin.

'Thank heaven! you are come at last,' cried Marvel, the moment he saw him. 'Thank heaven! you are come! do not let us lose a moment. If you are not tired, if you are not hungry, come along

with me, and I'll introduce you to my charming Alicia Barton.'

'I am both tired and hungry,' replied Wright; 'so let us have a hot beef-steak, and let me sit down and rest myself.'

It was the utmost stretch of Marvel's patience to wait for the beef-steak; and he could scarcely conceive how any one could prefer eating it to seeing his charming Alicia. He did not eat a morsel himself, but walked up and down the room with quick steps.

'Oh, my dear Wright,' cried he, 'it is a sign you've never seen her, or you would eat a little faster.'

'Did every body eat fast who has seen Miss Barton,' said Wright, 'then to be sure I should; for I have seen her within this half hour.'

'Seen her! Seen Alicia! Seen her within this half hour! That's impossible. How could you see her? Where could you see her?'

'I saw her in your company,' rejoined Wright, coolly.

'In my company! How could that be, without my seeing you?—You are making a jest of me.'

'Not at all; only take care that you do not make a jest of yourself. I assure you that I say nothing but truth: I've seen you and your Miss Barton this very morning: nay, I'll tell you what you said to her;—you told her that you could not sell Clover-hill till I came to town.'

Marvel stared, and stood in silent astonishment.

'Aye,' continued Wright, 'you see by this how many things may pass before a man's eyes and ears, when he's in love, without his seeing or hearing them. Why, man, I was in the milliner's shop just now, standing in the corner behind the door; but you could see nothing but your charming Miss Barton.'

'I beg your pardon for being so blind,' said Marvel, laughing; 'but you are too good-natured to take offence; tho' you don't know what it is to be in love.'

'There you are mistaken; for I am as much in love as yourself at this instant.'

'Then, I'm undone,' cried Marvel, turning as pale as death.

'Why so,' said Wright; 'will you allow nobody, man, to be in love but yourself? I don't see why I have not as good a right to fall in love as you have.'

'To be sure you have,' said Marvel, trying to recover himself; 'and I can't say but what you deal fairly by me, to tell me so honestly at once. More fool I to send for you. I might have foreseen this, blockhead as I am! but you deal fairly by me, Wright: so I cannot complain, and will not, happen what may. Let him who can win her wear her. We start fair; for, tho' I have had the advantage of a first acquaintance, you are much the handsomest man of the two; and that goes for a great deal with some ladies, though not perhaps with Alicia Barton.'

'There, perhaps, you may find yourself mistaken,' replied Wright, with a significant look.

'You don't say so? You don't think so?' cried Marvel, with great emotion.

'I say what I think; and, if I may trust a woman's looks, I've some reason for my thoughts.'

Marvel took up the tankard which stood on the table, and swallowed down a hasty draught; and then said, though with an altered voice:

'Cousin Wright, let him who can win her wear her, as I said before. I shan't quarrel with you if you deal fairly by me: so tell me honestly, did you never see her before this morning?'

'Never, as I am an honest man,' said Wright, laying his hand upon his heart.

'Then, here's my hand for you,' said Marvel. 'All's fair and handsome on your part. Happen what may, as I said before, I will not quarrel with you. If she was decreed to fall in love with you at first sight, why that's no fault of your's; and if she tells me so fairly, why no great fault of her's. She has encouraged me a little; but still women will change their

minds, and I shall not call her a jilt if she speaks handsomely to me. It will go a little to my heart at first, no doubt; but I shall bear it like a man, I hope; and I shall not quarrel with you, cousin Wright, whatever else I do.'

Marvel shook Wright's hand heartily; but turned away directly afterwards, to hide his agitation.

'Why now, cousin Marvel, you are a good fellow;' that's the truth of it,' said Wright. 'Trust to me; and, if the girl is what you think her, you shall have her: that I promise you.'

'That's more than you *can* promise, being as you say as much in love as I am.'

'I say I'm more in love than you are: but what then, I ask you?'

'What then! why, we cannot both have Alicia Barton.'

'Very true. I would not have her, if you would give her to me.'

'Would not have her,' cried Marvel, with a look of joyous astonishment: 'but,

did not you tell me you were in love with her?'

'Not I. You told it to yourself. I said I was in love; but cannot a man be in love with any woman in this whole world but Miss Barton.'

Marvel capered about the room with the most lively expressions of delight, shook hands with his cousin, as if he would have pulled his arm off, and then suddenly stopping, said:

'But what do you think of my Alicia? Though you are not in love with her, I hope you think well of her?'

'I must see more of her before I am qualified to speak.'

'Nay, nay, no drawbacks: out with it. I must know what you think of her at this time being?'

'At this time being, then, I think she is what they call a —— coquet.'

'Oh, there you are out, indeed, cousin Wright! she's more of what they call a prude than a coquet.'

'To you, perhaps; but not to me,

cousin. Let every one speak of her as they find,' replied Wright.

Marvel grew warm in defence of Miss Barton's prudery; and at last ended, by saying, 'that he'd stake his life upon it, she was no jilt. If she had taken a fancy to you, Wright, she would honestly tell me so, I'm convinced; and, when she finds you are thinking of another woman, her pride would soon make her think no more of you. 'Tis but little she could have thought in the few minutes you were in her company; and it is my opinion she never thought of you at all. No offence.'

'No offence, I promise you,' said Wright: 'but let us put her to the trial; do you keep your own counsel; go on courting her your own way, and let me go mine. Don't you say one word of my being here, in York; but put her off about the sale of Clover-hill, till such time as you are sure of her heart.'

To this proposal Marvel joyfully agreed; and, as to the time of trial, Wright asked

only one week. His cousin then told him the new scheme, from which he expected to make so much: it had been suggested by Alicia's brother. 'I am to sell Clover-hill; and, with the money that I get for it, Barton and I are to build and fit up a theatre in Lincoln, and be the managers ourselves. I assure you, he says, and they all say, I should make a figure on the stage: and Miss Barton whispered, in my hearing, that I should make a capital Lothario,' added Marvel, throwing himself into a stage attitude, and reciting, in a voice that made Wright start,

> "Earth, heaven, and fair Calista, judge the combat."

'Very fine, no doubt,' said Wright: 'but I am no judge of these matters; only this I am sure of, that, with respect to selling Clover-hill, you had best go slowly to work, and see what the sister is, before you trust to the brother. It is not for my interest, I very well know, to advise you against this scheme; because, if I wanted

to make certain of your not coming in for my uncle's legacy, I could not take a better way than to urge you to follow your fancy. For, say that you lay out all you have in the world on the building of this play-house, and say that Barton's as honest a man as yourself: observe, your play-house cannot be built in less than a couple of years, and the interest of your money must be dead all that time; and pray how are you to bring yourself up, by the end of the ten years? Consider, there are but seven years of the time to come.'

Marvel gave his cousin hearty thanks for his disinterested advice, but observed that actors, and managers of play-houses were, of all men, they who were most likely to grow rich in a trice; that they often cleared many hundreds in one night for their benefits; that even, if he should fail to hit the public taste himself, as an actor, he was sure at least, if he married the charming Alicia, that she would be a source of inexhaustible wealth. 'Not,'

added he, 'that I think of her in that light; for my soul is as much superior to mercenary considerations as her own.'

'More, perhaps,' said Wright; but, seeing fire flash in his cousin's eyes at this insinuation, he contented himself for the present with the promise he had obtained, that nothing should be concluded till the end of one week; that no mention should be made to Miss Barton, or her brother, of his arrival in town; and that he should have free liberty to make trial of the lady's truth and constancy, in any way he should think proper. Back to his friend, the milliner's he posted directly. Miss Barton was gone out upon the race-ground, in Captain Mowbray's curricle: in her absence, Wright was received very graciously by the milliner, who had lodgings to let, and who readily agreed to let them to him for a week, as he offered half a guinea more than she could get from any body else. She fancied that he was deeply smitten with Miss Barton's charms, and encouraged his passion, by pretty broad

hints, that it was reciprocal. Miss Barton drank tea this evening with the milliner: Wright was of the party, and he was made to understand that *others* had been excluded: 'for Miss Barton,' her friend observed, 'was very *nice* as to her company.'

Many dextrous efforts were made to induce Wright to lay open his heart; for the dyer's lady had been cross questioned as to his property in Lincolnshire, and she, being a lover of the marvellous, had indulged herself in a little exaggeration; so that he was considered as a prize, and Miss Barton's imagination settled the matter so rapidly that she had actually agreed to make the milliner a handsome present on the wedding day. Upon this hint, the milliner became anxious to push forward the affair. Marvel, she observed, hung back about the sale of his estate; and, as to Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's son, he was bound hand and foot by his father, so could do nothing genteel: besides, honourable matrimony was out of the question there.

All these things considered, the milliner's decision was, on perfectly prudential and virtuous motives, in favour of Wright. Miss Barton's *heart*, to use her own misapplied term, spoke warmly in his favour; for he was, without any comparison, the *handsomest* of her lovers; and his simplicity and apparent ignorance of the world were rather recommendations than objections.

Upon her second interview with him, she had, however, some reason to suspect that his simplicity was not so great as she had imagined. She was surprised to observe that, notwithstanding all their artful hints, Wright came to nothing like a positive proposal, nor even to any declaration of his passion. The next day she was yet more astonished; for Wright, though he *knew* she was a full hour in the milliner's shop, never made the slightest attempt to see her; nay, in the evening, he met her on the public walk, and passed without more notice than a formal bow, and without turning his head back to look after her: though she was flirting with a

party of gentlemen, expressly for the purpose of exciting his jealousy.

Another consultation was held with her friend, the milliner: ‘These men are terrible creatures to deal with,’ said her confidant. ‘Do you know, my dear creature, this man, simple as he looks, has been very near taking us in. Would you believe it? he is absolutely courting a Lincolnshire lady for a wife. He wrote a letter to her, my dear Alicia, this morning, and begged me to let my boy run with it to the post-office. I winded and winded, saying he was mighty anxious about the letter, and so on, till at the last, out comes the truth. Then I touched him about you: but he said, ‘an actress was not fit for a farmer's wife, and that you had too many admirers already.’ You see, my dear creature, that he has none of the thoughts we built upon. Depend upon it, he is a shrewd man, and knows what he is about, so, as we cannot do better than Marvel, my advice ——

‘Your advice,’ interrupted Miss Bar-

ton; 'I shall follow no advice but my own.' She walked up and down the small parlour, in great agitation.

'Do as you please, my dear; but remember I cannot afford to *lay* out of my money to all eternity. The account between us has run up to a great sum; the dresses were such as never were made up before in York, and must be paid for accordingly, as you must be sensible, Miss Barton. And when you have an opportunity of establishing yourself so handsomely, and getting all your debts paid; and when your brother who was here an hour ago, presses the match with Mr Marvel so much; it is very strange and unaccountable of you to say, "you will take nobody's advice but your own;" and to fall in love, ma'am, as you are doing, as fast as you can, with a person who has no serious intentions, and is going to be married to another woman. For shame, Miss Barton; is this behaving with proper propriety? Besides, I've really a great regard for that poor young man that you

have been making a fool of: I'm sure he is desperately in *love* with you.'

'Then let him shew it, and sell Clover hill,' said Miss Barton.

Her mind balanced betwixt avarice and what she called love. She had taken a fancy to Wright; and his present coldness rather encreased than diminished her passion: he played his part so well that she could not tell how to decide. In the mean time, the milliner pressed for her money; and Alicia's brother bullied loudly in favour of Marvel: he had engaged the milliner, whom he was courting, to support his opinion. Marvel, though with much difficulty, stood his ground, and refused to sell Clover-hill, till he should be perfectly sure that Miss Barton would marry him, and till his relation should arrive in town, and give his consent.

CHAPTER VI.

The Contentions of Selfishness and Vanity are often fatal to both.

Mr. Barton and the milliner now agreed that, if fair means would not bring the charming Alicia to reason, others must be used; and it was settled that she should be arrested for her debt to the milliner, which was upwards of fifty pounds. 'She knows,' said this considerate brother, 'that I have neither the power nor the will to pay the money. Sir Plantaganet's son is as poor as Job; so she must have recourse to Marvel; and, if she gives him proper encouragement, he'll pay the money in a trice. As to this man, who lodges with you, let her apply to him if she likes it; she will soon see how he will answer her. By your account, he is a shrewd fellow, and not like our friend Marvel.'

On Friday morning the charming Alicia was arrested, at the suit of her dear friend

and confidant, the milliner. The arrest was made in the milliner's shop. Alicia would doubtless have screamed and fainted, with very becoming spirit and grace, if any spectators had been present: but there was no one in the shop to admire or pity. She rushed with dishevelled hair, and all the stage show of distraction into Wright's apartment; but, alas! he was not to be found. She then composed herself, and wrote the following note to Marvel:

"To —— MARVEL, ESQ. &c. &c. &c.
"*At the Green Man.*

"Much as it hurts the delicacy and "wounds the pride of Alicia, she is com- "pelled, by the perfidy of a bosom friend "of her own sex, to apply for assistance "and protection to one who will feel for "the indignity that has been shewn her. "How will his generous nature shudder, "when he hears that she is on the point "of being dragged to a loathsome dun- "geon, for want of the paltry sum of fifty

"pounds. Retrospection may convince "the man of her heart that her soul is "superior to mercenary considerations; "else, she would not now be reduced so "low in the power of her enemies: she "scarcely knows what she writes—her "heart bleeds—her brain is on fire!"

"Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
"And every pain grows less. Oh! gentle Altamont,
"Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone,
"But pity me. Had I but early known
"Thy wonderous worth, thou excellent young man,
"We had been happier both. Now 'tis too late.
"And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee!
"Thou art their last dear object.—Mercy, Heaven!

"Your unfortunate,
"And (shall I confess it?)
"Too affectionate,
"ALICIA."

Marvel was settling some accounts with Wright, when this note was put into his hands: scarcely had he glanced his eye over it when he started up, seized a parcel of bank-notes, which lay on the table, and was rushing out of the room. Wright

caught hold of his arm, and stopped him by force.

'Where now? What now, Marvel?' said he.

'Do not stop me, Wright! I will not be stopped! She has been barbarously used. They are dragging her to prison. —They have driven her almost out of her senses. I must go to her this instant.'

'Well, well, don't go without your hat, man; for the people in the street will take you for a lunatic. May a friend see this letter, that has driven *you* out of your senses?'

Marvel put it into Wright's hands, who read it with wonderful composure; and, when he came to the end of it, only said— 'Hum!'——

'Hum,' repeated Marvel, provoked beyond measure: 'you have no humanity. You are most strangely prejudiced. You are worse than Goodenough. Why do you follow me?' continued he; observing that Wright was coming after him, across the inn-yard into the street.

'I follow you to take care of you;' said Wright, calmly: 'and, though you do stride on at such a rate, I'll be bound to keep up with you.'

He suffered Marvel to walk on at his own pace for the length of two streets, without saying another word; but, just as they were turning the corner into the square where the milliner lived, he again caught hold of his cousin's arm, and said to him:

'Hark you, Marvel, will you trust me with those bank-notes that you have in your pocket; and will you let me step on to the milliner's and settle this business for you. I see it will cost you fifty pounds, but that I cannot help. You may think yourself well off.'

'Fifty pounds! What are fifty pounds?' cried Marvel, hurrying forwards. 'You see that my Alicia must be superior to mercenary considerations; for, tho' she knows I have a good fortune, that could not decide her in my favour.'

'No, because she fancies that I have a better fortune; and besides (for there

are times when a man must speak plainly) I've a notion she would at this minute sooner be my mistress than your wife, if the thing were fairly tried. She'll take your money as fast as you please; and I may take her as fast as I please.'

Incensed at these words, Marvel could scarcely restrain his passion within bounds; but Wright, without being moved continued to speak.

'Nay then, cousin, if you don't believe me, put it to the test!'

'I'll wait here, at this woollen-draper's, where I am to dine: do you go on to your milliner's, and say what you please, only let me have my turn for half an hour this evening; and, if I am mistaken in the lady, I'll freely own it, and make all due apology.'

Early in the morning, Marvel came to to Wright with a face full of joy and triumph. 'Go to my Alicia now, cousin, Wright,' said he, 'I defy you. She is at her lodging.—She has promised to marry me! I am the happiest man in the world!'

Wright said not a word, but departed. Now he had in his pocket an unanswered billet-doux, which had been laid upon his table the preceding night: the billet-doux had no name to it; but, from all he had remarked of the lady's manners towards him, he could not doubt that it was the charming Alicia's. He was determined to have positive proof, however, to satisfy Marvel's mind completely. The note which he had received was as follows:

"What can be the cause of your cruel "and sudden change, towards one of "whom you lately appeared to think so "partially? A certain female friend may "deceive you, by false representations: "do not trust to her, but learn the real "sentiments of a fond heart from one "who knows not how to feign. Spare "the delicacy of your victim, and guess "her name."

To this note, from one "who knew "not how to feign," Wright sent the following reply:

"If Miss Barton knows any thing of a "letter, that was left at Mrs. Stokes's "the milliner's last night, she may receive "an answer to her questions from the "bearer; who, being no scholar, hopes "she will not take no offence at the "shortness of these lines, but satisfy him "in the honour of drinking tea with her, "who waits below stairs for an answer."

The charming Alicia allowed him the honour of drinking tea with her; and was delighted with the thoughts that she had at last caught him in her snares. The moment she had hopes of him, she resolved to break her promise to Marvel; and, by making a merit of sacrificing to Wright all his rivals, she had no doubt that she should work so successfully upon his vanity as to induce him to break off his treaty with the Lincolnshire lady.

Wright quietly let her go on with the notion that she had the game in her own hands; at length, he assumed a very serious look, like one upon the point of

forming some grand resolution; and, turning half away from her, said:

'But now, look ye, Miss Barton; I am not a sort of man who would like to be made a fool of. Here I'm told half the gentlemen of York are dying for you; and, as your friend Mrs. Stokes informed —

'Mrs. Stokes is not my friend, but the basest and most barbarous of enemies,' cried Alicia.

'Why now, this is strange! She was your friend yesterday; and how do I know but a woman may change as quick, and as short, about her lovers as about her friends.'

'I can never change; fear nothing,' said Alicia, tenderly.

'But let me finish what I was saying about Mrs. Stokes: she told me something about one Mr. Marvel, I think they call him; now what is all that?

'Nothing: he is a foolish young man, who was desperately in love with me, that's all, and offered to marry me; but,

as I told him, I am superior to mercenary considerations.'

'And is the affair broke off then?' said Wright, looking her full in the face. 'That's in one word what I must be sure of: for I am not a man that would chuse to be jilted. Sit you down and pen me a farewel to that same foolish young fellow. I am a plain-spoken man, and now you have my mind.'

Miss Barton was now persuaded that all Wright's coldness had proceeded from jealousy: blinded by her passions, and alarmed by the idea that this was the moment in which she must either secure or for ever abandon Wright and his fortune, she consented to his proposal, and wrote the following tender adieu to Marvel:

"To —— Marvel, esq. &c. &c. &c.

"*At the Green-man.*

"Sir,

"Circumstances have occurred, since I "had last the honour of seeing you, which

"make it impossible that I should ever
"think of you more.

"ALICIA BARTON."

Wright said he was perfectly satisfied with this note; and all that he now desired was to be himself the bearer of it to Marvel.

'He is a hot-headed young man,' said Alicia; 'he will perhaps quarrel with you: let me send the letter by a messenger of my own. You don't know him; you will not be able to find him out. Besides, why will you deprive me of your company? Cannot another carry this note as well as you?'

'None shall carry it but myself,' said Wright, holding fast his prize. She was apprehensive of losing him for ever, if she opposed what she thought his jealous humour; o she struggled no longer to hold him, but bade him make haste to return to his Alicia.

He returned no more; but the next

morning she received from him the following note:

"To Miss Alicia Barton, &c. &c.

"Madam,

"Circumstances have occurred, since "I had last the honour of seeing you, "which make it impossible that I should "ever think of you more.

"John Wright.

"P. S. My cousin Marvel thanks you "for your note. Before you receive this, "he will have left York wiser than "he came into it by fifty guineas, and "more."

'Wiser by more than fifty guineas I hope,' said Marvel, as he rode out of town, early in the morning. 'I have been on the point of being finely taken in! I'm sure this will be a lesson to me as long as I live. I shall never forget your good nature, and steadiness to me, Wright. Now, if it had not been for you, I might have been married to this jade; and have

given her and her brother every thing I'm worth in the world. Well, well, this is a lesson I shall remember. I've felt it sharply enough. Now I'll turn my head to my business again, if I can. How Goodenough would laugh at me, if he knew this story. But I'll make up for all the foolish things I have done yet before I die; and I hope, before I die, I may be able to shew you, cousin Wright, how much I am obliged to you: that would be greater joy to me even than getting by my own ingenuity my uncle Pearson's ten thousand pound legacy. Do, Wright, find out something I can do for you, to make amends for all the trouble I've given you, and all the time I have made you waste: do, there's a good fellow.'

'Well then,' said Wright, 'I don't want to saddle you with an obligation. You shall pay me in kind directly, since you are so desirous of it. I told you I was in love: you shall come with me and see my mistress, to give me your opinion of her. Every man can be prudent for his

neighbour: even you no doubt can,' added Wright, laughing.

CHAPTER VII.

Self-satisfaction and the World's Applause are bestowed, on suffering yet disinterested Virtue.

WRIGHT's mistress was a Miss Banks, only daughter to a gentleman who had set up an apparatus for manufacturing woad, Mr. Banks's house was in their way home, and they called there. They knocked several times at the door, before any one answered: at last a boy came to hold their horses, who told them that Mr. Banks was dead, and that nobody could be let into the house. The boy knew nothing of the matter, except that his master died he believed of a sort of a fit; and that his young mistress was in great grief: 'which I'm mortal sorry for,' added he;

'for she be's kind-hearted and civil spoken, and moreover did give me the very shoes I have on my feet.'

'I wish I could see her,' said Wright: 'I might be some comfort to her.'

'Might ye so, Master? If that the thing be so,' said the boy, looking earnestly in Wright's face, 'I'll do my best endeavours.'

He ran off at full speed through the back yard, but returned to learn the gentleman's name, which he had forgotten to ask; and presently afterwards he brought his answer. It was written with pencil, and with a trembling hand.

"My dear Mr. Wright, I cannot see you now: but you shall hear from me as soon as I am able to give an answer to your last.

"S. BANKS."

The words, "My dear," were half rubbed out: but they were visible enough to his eyes. Wright turned his horse's

head homewards, and Marvel and he rode away. His heart was so full that he could not speak, and he did not hear what Marvel said to comfort him. As they were thus riding on slowly, they heard a great noise of horsemen behind them, and, looking back, they saw a number of farmers, who were riding after them. As they drew near, Wright's attention was roused by hearing the name of *Banks* frequently repeated. " What news, neighbour?" said Marvel.

'The news is that Mr. Banks is dead: he died of an apoplectic fit, and has left his daughter a power o' money, they say. Happy the man who gets her! Good morrow to you, gentlemen, we're in haste home.'

After receiving this intelligence, Wright read his mistress's note over again, and observed that he was not quite pleased to see the words " My dear" half rubbed out. Marvel exclaimed, ' have nothing more to do with her; that's my advice to you: for I would not marry any woman

for her fortune; especially if she thought she was doing me a favour. If she loved you, she would not have rubbed out those words at such a time as this.'

'Stay a bit,' said Wright; 'we shall be better able to judge by and by.'

A week passed away, and Wright heard nothing from Miss Banks; nor did he attempt to see her, but waited as patientl y as he could for her promised letter. At last it came. The first word was, "Sir." That was enough for Marvel, who threw it down with indignation when his cousin shewed it to him. 'Nay but read it, at least,' said Wright.

"Sir,

"My poor father's affairs have been left in great disorder; and, instead of the fortune which you might have expected with me, I shall have little or nothing. The creditors have been very kind to me, and I hope in time to pay all just debts. I have been much hurried with

business, or should have written sooner. Indeed it is no pleasant task to me to write at all, on this occasion. I cannot unsay what I have said to you in former times; for I think the same of you as ever I did: but I know that I am not now a fit match for you as to fortune, and would not hold any man to his word, nor could value any man enough to marry him, who would break it. Therefore it will be no grief for me to break off with you if such should be your desire. And no blame shall be thrown upon you, by my friends; for I will take the refusal upon myself. I know the terms of your uncle's will, and the great reason you have to wish for a good fortune with your wife; so it is very natural—I mean very likely, you may not chuse to be burthened with a woman who has none. Pray speak your mind freely to, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"S. BANKS."

Marvel had no sooner read this letter

than he advised his friend Wright to marry Miss Banks directly.

'That is what I have determined to do,' said Wright: 'for I don't think money the first thing in the world; and I would sooner give up my uncle Pearson's legacy this minute than break my word to any woman, much less to one that I love; as I do Miss Banks better now than ever. I have just heard from the steward, who brought this letter, how handsomely and prudently she has behaved to other people, as well as to myself; by which I can judge most safely. She has paid all the debts that were justly due; and has sold even the gig, which I know she wished to keep: but, seeing that it was not suited to her present circumstances, her good sense has got the better. Now, to my mind, a prudent wife, even as to money matters, may turn out a greater treasure to a man than what they call a great fortune.'

With these sentiments Wright married Miss Banks; who was indeed a very prudent, amiable girl. Goodenough sneered

at this match; and observed that he had always foretold Wright would be taken in, sooner or later. Goodenough was now in his thirty-second year; and, as he had always determined to marry precisely at this age, he began to look about for a wife. He chose a widow, said to be of a very close saving temper, she was neither young, handsome, nor agreeable: but then she was rich; and it was Goodenough's notion that the main chance should be first considered, in matrimony as in every thing else. Now this notable dame was precisely of his way of thinking; but she had more shrewdness than her lover, and she over-reached him in the bargain: her fortune did not turn out to be above one half of what report had represented it; her temper was worse than even her enemies said it was; and the time that was daily wasted in trifling disputes, between this well-matched pair, was worth more than all the petty savings made by her avaricious habits.

Goodenough cursed himself ten times

a day, during the honey-moon; but, as he did not like to let the neighbours know how far he had been outwitted, he held his tongue with the fortitude of a martyr; and his partisans all commended him for making so prudent a match.

'Aye, aye,' said they: 'there's Wright, who might have had this very woman, has gone and married a girl without a shilling with all his prudence; and, as to Marvel, he will surely be bit.' There they were mistaken. Marvel was a person capable of learning from experience; and he never forgot the lesson that he had received from the charming Alicia. It seemed to have sobered him completely.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pleasures of Folly too often become its Misfortunes.

ABOUT this time, Mr. James Harrison, an eminent dyer, uncle to Wright's

friend of that name at York, came to settle near Clover-hill; and, as Marvel was always inclined to be hospitable, he assisted his new neighbour with many of those little conveniencies which money cannot always command, at the moment they are wanted. The dyer was grateful; and, in return for Marvel's civilities, let Marvel into many of the mysteries of the dying business, which he was anxious to understand. Scarcely a day past without his calling on Mr. James Harrison. Now Mr. Harrison had a daughter, Lucy, who was young and pretty; and Marvel thought her more and more agreeable every time he saw her; but, as he told Wright, he was determined not to fall in love with her, till he was quite sure that she was good for something. A few weeks after he had been acquainted with her, he had an opportunity of seeing her tried. Mrs. Isaac Harrison, the dyer of York's lady, came to spend a week with her at the Christmas holidays; Miss Melicent, or as she was commonly called Milly Harrison,

accompanied her mother; she, having a more fashionable air than Lucy, and having learned to dance from a London dancing-master, thought herself so much her superior that she ought to direct her in all things. Miss Milly, the Sunday after her arrival, appeared at church in a bonnet that charmed half the congregation; and a crowd of farmers wives and daughters, the moment church was over, begged the favour of Miss Milly to tell them where and how such a bonnet could be got, and how much it would cost? It was extravagantly dear; and those mothers who had any prudence were frightened at the price: but the daughters were of opinion that it was the cheapest, as well as prettiest, thing that ever was seen or heard of; and Miss Milly was commissioned to write immediately to York, to bespeak fifteen bonnets exactly like her own. This transaction was settled before they had left the church-yard; and Miss Milly was leaning upon a tombstone, to write down the names of those who were

most eager to have their bonnets before the next Sunday, when Wright and Marvel came up to the place where the crowd was gathered, and they saw what was going forward.

Miss Barber, Miss Cotton, Miss Lamb, Miss Dishly, Miss Trotter, Miss Hull, Miss Parker, Miss Bury, Miss Oxley, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. each in their turn, peeped anxiously over Miss Milly's shoulder, to make themselves sure that their names were in the happy list. Lucy Harrison, alone, stood, with a com posed countenance, in the midst of the agitated groupe. 'Well, cousin Lucy, what say you now? shall I bespeak a bonnet for you; Hey?—Do you know', cried Miss Milly, turning to the admirers of her bonnet, 'Do you know that I offered to bespeak one yesterday for Lucy; and she was so stingy she would not let me, because it was *too dear?*' '*Too dear!* Could you conceive it?' repeated the young ladies, joining in a scornful titter. All eyes were now fixed upon Lucy,

who blushed deeply, but answered, with gentle steadiness, that she really could not afford to lay out so much money upon a bonnet; and that she would rather not have her name put down in the list.

'She's a good prudent girl,' whispered Wright to Marvel.

'And very pretty, I am sure. I never saw her look so pretty as at this instant,' replied Marvel in a low voice.

'Please yourself, child,' said Miss Milly, throwing back her head with much disdain; 'but I'm sure you'll please nobody else with such a dowdy thing as that you have on. Lord! I should like to see her walk the streets of York, on a Sunday, that figure! Lord! how Mrs. Stokes would laugh!'

Here she paused, and several of her fair audience were struck with the terrible idea of being laughed at by a person whom they had never seen, and whom they were never likely to see; and, transporting themselves in imagination into the streets of York, felt all the horror of

being stared at, in an unfashionable bonnet, by Mrs. Stokes. 'Gracious me! Miss Milly, do pray be sure to have mine sent from York afore next Sunday,' cried one of the country belles: 'and, gracious me! don't forget mine, Miss Milly,' was reiterated by every voice but Lucy's, as the crowd followed Miss Harrison out of the church-yard. Great was the contempt felt for her by the company; but she was proof against their ridicule, and calmly ended, as she began, with saying, 'I cannot afford it.'

'She is a very prudent girl,' repeated Wright, in a low voice to Marvel.

'But I hope this is not stinginess,' whispered Marvel. 'I would not marry such a stingy animal, as Goodenough has taken to wife, for all the world. Do you know, she has half-starved the servant-boy that lived with them? There he is, yonder, getting over the stile: did you ever see such a miserable looking creature?—He can tell you fifty stories of Dame Goodenough's stinginess. I would not marry a

stingy woman for the whole world. I hope Lucy Harrison is not stingy.'

'Pray Mrs. Wright,' said Marvel's friend, turning to his wife, who had been ſtanding beside him, and who had not yet said one word, 'what may your opinion be?'

'My opinion is, that she is as generous a girl as any upon earth,' said Mrs. Wright; 'and I have good reason to say so.'

'How? What?' said Marvel, eagerly.

'Her father lent my poor father five hundred pounds; and, at the meeting of the creditors after his death, Mr. Harrison was very earnest to have the money paid, because it was his daughter's fortune. When he found that it could not be had immediately, he grew extremely angry; but Lucy pacified him, and told him that she was sure I should pay the money honestly, as soon as I could; and that she would willingly wait to have it paid at a hundred pounds a year for my convenience. I am more obliged to her, for the handsome way in which she trusted to me,

than if she had given me half the money. I shall never forget it.'

'I hope you forgive her for not buying the bonnet?' said Wright to Marvel.

'Forgive her! aye; now I love her for it,' said Marvel; 'now I know that she is not stingy.'

From this day forward, Marvel's attachment to Lucy rapidly encreased. One evening he was walking in the fields with Lucy and Miss Milly, who played off her finest York airs to attract his admiration, when the following dialogue passed between them: 'La! cousin Lucy,' said Miss Millicent, 'when shall we get you to York? I long to shew you a little of the world, and to introduce you to my friend Mrs. Stokes, the milliner.'

'My father says that he does not wish that I should be acquainted with Mrs. Stokes,' said Lucy.

'Your father! Nonsense, child. Your father has lived all his life in the country, the Lord knows where; he has not lived in York, as I have; so how can he know

any thing upon earth of the world? What we call the world, I mean.'

'I do not know, cousin Milly, what you call the world; but I think that he knows more of Mrs. Stokes than I do; and I shall trust to his opinion, for I never knew him speak ill of any body without having good reason for it. Besides, it is my duty to obey my father.'

'Duty! La! Gracious me! She talks as if she was a baby in leading strings,' cried Miss Milly, laughing; but she was mortified at observing that Marvel did not join, as she had expected, in the laugh: so she added, in a scornful tone, 'Perhaps, I'm in the wrong box; and that Mr. Marvel is one of them that admires pretty babies in leading strings.'

'I am one of those that admire a good daughter, I confess,' said Marvel; and, added he, lowering his voice, 'that love her too.'

Miss Milly coloured with anger, and Lucy with an emotion that she had never felt before. As they returned home, they

met Mr. Harrison; and the moment Marvel espied him he quitted the ladies.

'I've something to say to you, Mr. Harrison. I should be glad to speak a few words to you in private, if you please,' cried he, seizing his arm, and leading him down a bye lane.

Mr. Harrison was all attention; but Marvel began to gather primroses, instead of speaking.

'Well,' said Mr. Harrison, 'did you bring me here to see you gather primroses?'

After smelling the flowers twenty times, and placing them in twenty different forms, Marvel at last threw them on the bank, and with a sudden effort exclaimed,

'You have a daughter, Mr. James Harrison.'

'I know I have; and I thank God for it.'

'So you have reason to do; for a more lovely girl, and a better, in my opinion, never existed.'

'One must not praise one's own, or I should agree with you,' said the proud father.

Again there was silence. And again Marvel picked up his primroses.

In short,' said he, 'Mr. Harrison, would you like me for a son-in-law?'

'Would Lucy like you for a husband? I must know that first,' said the good father.

'That is what I do not know,' replied Marvel; 'but, if I was to ask her, she would ask you, I am sure, whether you would like me for a son-in-law.'

'At this rate, we shall never get forwards,' said Harrison. 'Go you back to Miss Milly, and send my Lucy here to me.'

We shall not tell how Lucy picked up the flowers, which had been her lover's grand resource; nor how often she blushed upon the occasion: she acknowledged that she thought Mr. Marvel *very agreeable*, but that she was afraid to marry a person who had so little steadiness. That

she had heard of a great number of schemes, undertaken by him, which had failed; or which he had given up as hastily as he had begun them. 'Besides,' said she, 'may be he might change his mind about me as well as about other things; for I've heard from my cousin Milly—I've heard—that—he was in love, not very long since, with an actress in York. Do you think this is all true?'

'Yes, I know it is all true,' said Mr. Harrison; 'for he told me so himself. He is an honest open-hearted young man; but I think as you do, child, that we cannot be sure of his steadiness.'

When Marvel heard from Mr. Harrison the result of this conversation, he was inspired with the strongest desire to convince Lucy that he was capable of perseverance. To the astonishment of all who knew him, or who thought that they knew him, he settled steadily to business; and, for a whole twelvemonth, no one heard him speak of any new scheme. At the end of this time, he renewed his

proposal to Lucy; saying that he hoped she would now have some dependence upon his constancy to her, since she had seen the power she had over his mind.' Lucy was artless and affectionate, as well as prudent: now that her only real objection to the match was lessened, she did not torment him to try her power; but acknowledged her attachment to him, and they were married.

Sir Plantagenet Mowbray's agent was much astonished that Lucy did not prefer him, because he was a much richer man than Pierce Marvel: and Miss Milly Harrison was also astonished that Mr. Marvel did not prefer her to such a country-girl as Lucy; especially when she had a thousand pounds more to her fortune. But, notwithstanding all this astonishment, Marvel and his wife were perfectly happy.

CHAPTER IX.

By a Combination of Virtues Men become successful.

IT was now the fifth year after old Mr. Pearson's death. Wright was at this time the richest of the three nephews; for the money that he had laid out, in draining Holland-fen, began to bring him in twenty per cent. As to Marvel, he had exchanged some of his finest acres for the warren of silver-sprigs, the common full of thistles, and the marsh full of reeds: he had lost many guineas by his sheep and their jackets, and many more by his ill-fenced plantations: so that, counting all the losses from the failure of his schemes and the waste of his time, he was a thousand pounds poorer than when he first came into possession of Clover-hill.

Goodenough was not, according to the most accurate calculations, one shilling richer or poorer than when he first began

the world. Slow and sure, said his friends: fair and softly goes far in a day. What he has he'll hold fast; that's more than Marvel ever did, and may be more than Wright will do in the end. He dabbles a little in *experiments*, as he calls them: this he has learnt from his friend Marvel; and this will come to no good.

About this time, there was some appearance of a scarcity in England; and many farmers set an unusual quantity of potatoes, in hopes that they would bear a high price the ensuing season. Goodenough, who feared and hated every thing that was called a speculation, declared that, for his part, he would not set a ridge more than he used to do. What had always done for him and his should do for him still. With this resolution, he began to set his potatoes: Marvel said to him, whilst he was at work, 'Cousin Goodenough, I would advise you not to set the shoots that are at the bottom of these potatoes; for, if you do, they won't be good for any thing. This is a secret I learned last harvest-home,

from one of my Irish hay-makers. I tried the experiment upon a few ridges last year, and found the poor fellow was quite right. I have given him a guinea for his information; and it will be worth a great deal more to me and my neighbours.'

'May be so,' said Goodenough; 'but I shall set my own potatoes my own way, I thank you, cousin Marvel, for I take it the old way's best, and I'll never follow no other.'

Marvel saw that it was in vain to attempt to convince Goodenough; therefore he left him to his old ways. The consequence was that Goodenough and his family eat the worst potatoes in the whole country this year; and Marvel cleared *above two hundred* pounds by twenty acres of potatoes, set according to his friend the Irishman's directions.

This was the first speculation of Marvel's which succeeded; because it was the first which had been begun with prudence, and pursued with steadiness. His information in the first instance was good;

it came from a person who had actually tried the experiment, and who had seen it tried by others; and, when he was convinced of the fact, he applied his knowledge at the proper time, boldly extended his experiment, and succeeded. This success raised him in the opinion even of his enemies. His friend, Wright, heartily rejoiced at it; but Goodenough sneered, and said to Wright, 'What Marvel has gained this year he'll lose by some scheme the next.' I dare to say, now, he has some new scheme or another brewing in his brains at this very moment. Aye— Look, here he comes, with two bits of rags in his hand.—Now for it!'

Marvel came up to them with great eagerness in his looks; and, shewing two freshly dyed paterns of cloth, said, 'which of these two blues is the brightest?'

'That in your left hand,' said Wright; 'it is a beautiful blue.'

Marvel rubbed his hands with an air of triumph; but, restraining his joy, he addressed himself to Wright in a composed voice.

'My dear Wright, I have many obligations to you; and, if I have any good fortune, you shall be the first to share it with me. As for you, cousin Goodenough, I don't bear malice against you for laughing at me and my herons feathers, and my silver-sprigs, and my sheep's jackets, and my thistles: shake hands, man; you shall have a share in our scheme, if you please.'

'I don't please to have no share at all in none of your schemes, cousin Marvel: I thank you kindly,' said Goodenough.

'Had not you better hear what it is, before you decide against it?' said Wright.

Marvel explained himself further: 'some time ago,' said he, 'I was with my father-in-law, who was dying some cloth with woad. I observed that one corner of the cloth was of a much brighter blue than any of the rest; and, upon examining what could be the cause of this, I found that the corner of the cloth had fallen upon the ground, as it was taken out of the dying vat, and had trailed through

a mixture of colours, which I had accidentally spilled on the floor. I carefully recollected of what this mixture was composed: I found that woad was the principal ingredient; the other——is a secret. I have repeated my experiments several times, and I find that they have always succeeded: I was determined not to speak of my discovery till I was sure of the facts. Now I am sure of them, my father-in-law tells me that he and his brother, at York, could ensure to me an advantageous sale for as much blue cloth as I can prepare; and he advises me to take out a patent for the dye.'

Goodenough had not patience to listen any longer, but exclaimed:

'Join in a patent! that's more than I would do I am sure, cousin Marvel; so don't think to take me in. I'll end as I begun, without having any thing to do with any of your new fangled schemes—Good morning to you.'

'I hope, Wright,' said Marvel proudly, 'that you do not suspect me of any design to take you in; and that you will have some

confidence in this scheme, when you find that my experiments have been accurately tried.'

Wright assured Marvel that he had the utmost confidence in his integrity; and that he would carefully go over with him any experiments he chose to shew him. 'I do not want to worm your secret from you,' said he; 'but we must make ourselves sure of success before we go to take out a patent, which will be an expensive business.'

'You are exactly the sort of man I should wish to have for my partner,' cried Marvel, 'for you have all the coolness and prudence that I want.'

'And you have all the quickness and ingenuity that I want,' replied Wright; so, between us, we should indeed, as you say, make good partners.'

A partnership was soon established between Wright and Marvel. The woad apparatus, which belonged to Wright's father-in-law, was given up to the creditors to pay the debts; but none of these cre-

ditors understood the management of it, or were willing to engage in it, lest they should ruin themselves. Marvel prevailed upon Wright to keep it in his own hands; and the creditors, who had been well satisfied by his wife's conduct towards them, and who had great confidence in his character for prudence, relinquished their claims upon the property, and trusted to Wright's promise that they should be gradually paid by instalments.

'See what it is to have chosen a good wife,' said Wright. 'Good character is often better than good fortune.'

The wife returned the husband's compliment: but we must pass over such unfashionable conversation, and proceed with our story.

The reader may recollect our mentioning a little boy, who carried a message from Wright to his mistress, the day that he called upon her, on his return from York. She had been very good to this boy, and he was of a grateful temper. After he left her father's service, he was hired

by a gentleman, who lived near Spalding, and for some time she had heard nothing of him: but, about a year after she was married, his master paid a visit in Lincolnshire, and the lad early one morning came to see his "*old young mistress.*" He came so very early that none of the family were stirring, except Marvel, who had risen by day-break to finish some repairs that he was making in the woad-apparatus. He recognised the boy the moment he saw him, and welcomed him with his usual good-nature.

'Ah, Sir!' said the lad, 'I be's glad to see things going on here again. I be's main glad to hear how young mistress is happy! But I must be back afore my own present master be's up; so will you be pleased to give my sarvice and duty, and here's a little sort of a tea-chest for her, that I made with the help of a fellow-servant of mine. If so be she'll think well of taking it, I should be very proud: it has a lock and key and all.'

Marvel was astonished at the workman-

ship of this tea chest; and when he expressed his admiration, the boy said: 'Oh Sir! all the difficult*est* parts were done by my fellow-servant; who is more handy like than I am, ten to one, though he's a French man. He was one of them French prisoners, and is a curious man. He would have liked of all things to have come here along with me this morning, to get a sight of what's going on here; because that they have woad mills and the like in his own country, he says; but then he would not come spying without leave, being a civil honest man.'

Marvel told the boy that his fellow-servant should be heartily welcome to satisfy his curiosity; and the next morning the Frenchman came. He was a native of Languedoc, where woad is cultivated; he had been engaged in the manufacture of it, and Marvel soon found, by his conversation, that he was a well-informed intelligent man. He told Marvel that there were many natives of Languedoc, at this time, prisoners in England, who understood

the business as well as he did, and would be glad to be employed, or to sell their knowledge at a reasonable price. Marvel was not too proud to learn, even from a Frenchman. With Wright's consent, he employed several of these workmen; and he carried, by their means, the manufacture of woad to a high pitch of perfection. How success changes the opinion of men! The Lincolnshire farmers, who had formerly sneered at Marvel as a genius and a projector, began to look up to him as to a very wise and knowing man, when they saw this manufactory continue to thrive; and those who had blamed Wright, for entering into partnership with him, now changed their minds. Marvel was taught perseverance by Wright, and Wright was excited to activity by Marvel. Neither of them could have done separately what they both effected by their union.

At the end of the ten years Goodenough was precisely where he was when he began; neither richer nor poorer; nei-

ther wiser nor happier; all that he had added to his stock was a cross wife, and two cross children. He, to the very last moment, persisted in the belief that he should be the richest of the three, and that Wright and Marvel would finish by being bankrupts. He was in unutterable astonishment, when, upon the appointed day, they produced their account-books to Mr. Constantine, the executor, and it was found that they were many thousand pounds better in the world than himself.

'Now, gentlemen,' said Mr. Constantine, 'to which of you am I to give your uncle's legacy? I must know which of the partners has the greatest share in the manufactory.'

'Wright has the greatest share,' cried Marvel; 'for without his prudence I should have been ruined.'

'Marvel has the greatest share,' cried Wright; 'for without his ingenuity I should never have succeeded in the business, nor indeed should I have undertaken it.'

'Then, gentlemen, you must divide the ten thousand pounds between you,' said Mr. Constantine, 'and I give you joy of your happy partnership. What can be more advantageous than a partnership between prudence and justice on the one side, and generosity and abilities on the other.'

June, 1800.

The LIMERICK GLOVES.

THE LIMERICK GLOVES.

CHAPTER I.

Surmise is often partly True and partly False.

IT was Sunday morning, and a fine day in autumn; the bells of Hereford cathedral rang, and all the world smartly dressed were flocking to church.

'Mrs. Hill! Mrs. Hill!—Phœbe! Phœbe! There's the cathedral bell, I say, and neither of you ready for church, and I a church-warden;' cried Mr. Hill, the tanner, as he stood at the bottom of his own staircase. 'I'm ready, Papa,' replied Phœbe; and down she came, looking so clean, so fresh, and so gay, that her stern father's brows unbent, and he could only say to her, as she was drawing on a new pair of gloves, 'Child, you ought to have had those gloves on before this time of day.'

'Before this time of day!' cried Mrs. Hill, who was now coming down stairs, completely equipped. 'Before this time of day! She should know better, I say, than to put on those gloves at all: more especially when going to the cathedral.'

'The gloves are very good gloves, as far as I see,' replied Mr. Hill. 'But no matter now. It is more fitting that we should be in proper time in our pew, to set an example, as becomes us, than to stand here talking of gloves and nonsense.'

He offered his wife and daughter each an arm, and set out for the cathedral; but Phœbe was too busy drawing on her new gloves, and her mother was too angry at the sight of them, to accept of Mr. Hill's courtesy. 'What I say is always nonsense, I know, Mr. Hill,' resumed the matron: 'but I can see as far into a mill-stone as other folks. Was it not I that first gave you a hint of what became of the great dog, that we lost out of our tan-yard last winter? And was it not I who first took notice to you, Mr. Hill, church-

warden as you are, of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral? Was it not, I ask you, Mr. Hill?'

'But, my dear Mrs. Hill, what has all this to do with Phœbe's gloves?'

'Are you blind Mr. Hill? Don't you see that they are Limerick gloves?'

'What of that?' said Mr. Hill; still preserving his composure, as it was his custom to do as long as he could, when he saw his wife was ruffled.

'What of that, Mr. Hill! why don't you know that Limerick is in Ireland, Mr. Hill?'

'With all my heart, my dear.'

'Yes, and with all your heart, I suppose, Mr. Hill, you would see our cathedral blown up, some fair day or other, and your own daughter married to the person that did it; and you a churchwarden, Mr. Hill.'

'God forbid!' cried Mr. Hill; and he stopped short and settled his wig. Presently recovering himself, he added, 'But,

Mrs. Hill, the cathedral is not yet blown up; and our Phœbe is not yet married.'

'No; but what of that, Mr. Hill? Forewarned is forearmed, as I told you before your dog was gone: but you would not believe me, and you see how it turned out in that case; and so it will in this case you'll see, Mr. Hill.'

'But you puzzle and frighten me out of my wits, Mrs. Hill,' said the churchwarden; again settling his wig. *In that case, and in this case!* I can't understand a syllable of what you've been saying to me this half hour. In plain English, what is there the matter about Phœbe's gloves?'

'In plain English then, Mr. Hill, since you can understand nothing else, please to ask your daughter Phœbe who gave her those gloves. Phœbe, who gave you those gloves?'

'I wish they were burnt,' said the husband; whose patience could endure no longer 'Who gave you these cursed gloves, Phœbe?'

'Papa,' answered Phœbe, in a low voice, 'they were a present from Mr. Brian O'Neill.'

'The Irish glover!' cried Mr. Hill, with a look of terror.

'Yes,' resumed the mother; 'very true, Mr. Hill, I assure you. Now, you see, I had my reasons.'

'Take off the gloves directly: I order you, Phœbe,' said her father, in his most peremptory tone. 'I took a mortal dislike to that Mr. Brian O'Neill the first time I ever saw him. He's an Irishman, and that's enough, and too much for me. Off with the gloves, Phœbe! When I order a thing, it must be done.'

Phœbe seemed to find some difficulty in getting off the gloves, and gently urged that she could not well go into the cathedral without them. This objection was immediately removed, by her mother's pulling from her pocket a pair of mittens, which had once been brown and once been whole, but which were now rent in sundry places; and which, having been

long stretched by one who was twice the size of Phœbe, now hung in huge wrinkles upon her well-turned arms.

'But, papa,' said Phœbe, 'why should we take a dislike to him because he is an Irishman. Cannot an Irishman be a good man?'

The churchwarden made no answer to this question; but, a few seconds after it was put to him, observed that the cathedral bell had just done ringing, and, as they were now got to the church door, Mrs. Hill, with a significant look at Phœbe, remarked that it was no proper time to talk or think of good men, or bad men, or Irishmen, or any men, especially for a churchwarden's daughter.

We pass over in silence the many conjectures that were made, by several of the congregation, concerning the reason why Miss Phœbe Hill should appear in such a shameful shabby pair of gloves on a Sunday. After service was ended the churchwarden went, with great mystery, to examine the hole under the foundation

of the cathedral; and Mrs. Hill repaired, with the grocer's and the stationer's ladies, to take a walk in the Close; where she boasted to all her female acquaintance, whom she called her friends, of her maternal discretion in prevailing upon Mr. Hill to forbid her daughter Phœbe to wear the Limerick gloves.

CHAPTER II.

Words ill understood are among our worst Misfortunes.

In the mean time, Phœbe walked pensively homewards; endeavouring to discover why her father should take a mortal dislike to a man, at first sight, merely because he was an Irishman; and why her mother had talked so much of the great dog, which had been lost last year out of the tan-yard; and of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral? What has all this to do with my Limerick gloves?

thought she. The more she thought the less connexion she could perceive between these things: for, as she had not taken a dislike to Mr. Brian O'Neill at first sight, because he was an Irishman, she could not think it quite reasonable to suspect him of making away with her father's dog; nor yet of a design to blow up the Hereford cathedral. As she was pondering upon these matters, she came within sight of the ruins of a poor woman's house; which, a few months before this time, had been burnt down. She recollected that her first acquaintance with her lover began at the time of this fire; and she thought that the courage and humanity he shewed, in exerting himself to save this unfortunate woman and her children, justified her notion of the possibility that an Irishman might be a good man.

'The name of the poor woman, whose house had been burnt down, was Smith: she was a widow, and she now lived at the extremity of a narrow lane in a

wretched habitation. Why Phœbe thought of her with more concern than usual at this instant we need not examine, but she did; and, reproaching herself for having neglected it for some weeks past, she resolved to go directly to see the widow Smith, and to give her a crown which she had long had in her pocket, with which she had intended to have bought play tickets.

It happened that the first person she saw in the poor widow's kitchen was the identical Mr. O'Neill. 'I did not expect to see any body here but you, Mrs. Smith,' said Phœbe, blushing.

'So much the greater the pleasure of the meeting; to me, I mean, Miss Hill,' said O'Neill rising, and putting down a little boy, with whom he had been playing. Phœbe went on talking to the poor woman; and, after slipping the crown into her hand, said she would call again. O'Neill, surprised at the change in her manner, followed her when she left the house, and said, 'it would be a great mis-

fortune to me to have done any thing to offend Miss Hill; especially if I could not conceive how or what it was, which is my case at this present speaking.' And, as the spruce glover spoke, he fixed his eyes upon Phœbe's ragged gloves. She drew them up in vain; and then said, with her natural simplicity and gentleness, 'You have not done any thing to offend me, Mr. O'Neill; but you are some way or other displeasing to my father and mother, and they have forbid me to wear the Limerick gloves.'

'And sure Miss Hill would not be after changing her opinion of her humble servant for no reason in life, but because her father and mother, who have taken a prejudice against him, are a little contrary.'

'No,' replied Phœbe; 'I should not change my opinion, without any reason; but I have not had time yet to fix my opinion of you, Mr. O'Neill.'

'To let you know a piece of my mind then, my dear Miss Hill,' resumed he,

'the more contrary they are the more pride and joy it would give me to win and wear you, in spite of 'em all; and, if without a farthing in your pocket, so much the more I should rejoice in the opportunity of proving to your dear self, and all else whom it may consarn, that Brian O'Neill is no Irish fortune-hunter, and scorns them that are so narrow-minded as to think that no other kind of cattle but them there fortune-hunters can come out of all Ireland. So, my dear Phœbe, now we understand one another, I hope you will not be paining my eyes any longer with the sight of these odious brown bags, which are not fit to be worn by any Christian's arms, to say nothing of Miss Hill's, which are the handsomest, without any compliment, that ever I saw; and, to my mind, would become a pair of Limerick gloves beyond any thing; and I expect she'll show her generosity and proper spirit by putting them on immediately.'

'You expect, Sir!' repeated Miss

Hill, with a look of more indignation than her gentle countenance had ever before been seen to assume. Expect! If he had said hope, thought she, it would have been another thing: but expect! what right has he to expect?——

'Now Miss Hill, unfortunately, was not sufficiently acquainted with the Irish idiom to know that to expect, in Ireland, is the same thing as to hope in England; and, when her Irish admirer said I expect, he meant only in plain English I hope. But thus it is that a poor Irishman, often, for want of understanding the niceties of the English language, says the rudest when he means to say the civilest things imaginable.

Miss Hill's feelings were so much hurt, by this unlucky "I expect," that the whole of his speech, which had before made some favourable impression upon her, now lost its effect; and she replied with proper spirit, as she thought, 'you expect a great deal too much, Mr. O'Neill; and more than ever I gave you reason to do.

It would be neither pleasure nor pride to me to be won and worn, as you were pleased to say, in spite of them all; and to be thrown, without a farthing in my pocket, upon the protection of one who expects so much at first setting out.—So I assure you, Sir, whatever you may expect, I shall not put on the Limerick gloves.'

Mr. O'Neill was not without his share of pride, and proper spirit: nay, he had, it must be confessed, in common with some others of his countrymen, an improper share of pride and spirit. Fired by the lady's coldness, he poured forth a volley of reproaches; and ended by wishing, as he said, a good morning for ever and ever, to one who could change her opinion point blank, like the weathercock. 'I am, Miss, your most obedient; and I expect you'll never think no more of poor Brian O'Neill, and the Limerick gloves.'

If he had not been in too great a passion to observe any thing, poor Brian

O'Neill would have found out that Phœbe was not a weathercock: but he left her abruptly, and hurried away; imagining all the while that it was Phœbe, and not himself, who was in a rage. Thus, to the horseman who is galloping at full speed, the hedges, trees, and houses, seem rapidly to recede; whilst, in reality, they never move from their places. It is he that flies from them, and not they from him.

CHAPTER III.

Endeavours to be consistent often lead to Obstinacy in Error.

ON Monday morning Miss Jenny Brown, the perfumer's daughter, came to pay Phœbe a morning visit, with a face of busy joy.

'So, my dear!' said she: 'fine doings, in Hereford! But what makes you

look so downcast? To be sure you are invited, as well as the rest of us?'

'Invited where?' cried Mrs. Hill, who was present, and who could never endure to hear of an invitation, in which she was not included. 'Invited where pray, Miss Jenny?'

'La! have not you heard? Why, we all took it for granted that you, and Miss Phœbe, would have been the first and foremost to have been asked to Mr. O'Neill's ball.'

'Ball!' cried Mrs. Hill; and luckily saved Phœbe, who was in some agitation, the trouble of speaking. 'Why this is a mighty sudden thing: I never heard a tittle of it before.'

'Well, this is really extraordinary! And, Phœbe, have not you received a pair of Limerick gloves?'

'Yes, I have,' said Phœbe; 'but what then? What has my Limerick gloves to do with the ball?'

'A great deal,' replied Jenny. 'Don't you know that a pair of Limerick gloves

is, as one may say, a ticket to this ball? for every lady, that has been asked, has had a pair sent to her along with the card; and I believe as many as twenty, beside myself, have been asked this morning."

Jenny then produced her new pair of Limerick gloves; and, as she tried them on, and shewed how well they fitted, she counted up the names of the ladies who, to her knowledge, were to be at this ball. When she had finished the catalogue, she expatiated upon the grand preparations which it was said the widow O'Neill, Mr. O'Neill's mother, was making for the supper; and concluded by condoling with Mrs. Hill, for her misfortune in not having been invited. Jenny took her leave, to get her dress in readiness: 'for,' added she, 'Mr. O'Neill has engaged me to open the ball, in case Phœbe does not go: but I suppose she will cheer up and go, as she has a pair of Limerick gloves as well as the rest of us.'

There was a silence for some minutes,

after Jenny's departure, which was broken by Phœbe, who told her mother that, early in the morning, a note had been brought to her, which she had returned unopened: because she knew, from the hand-writing of the direction, that it came from Mr. O'Neill.

We must observe that Phœbe had already told her mother of her meeting with this gentleman at the poor widow's; and of all that had passed between them afterwards. This openness, on her part, had softened the heart of Mrs. Hill; who was really inclined to be good-natured, provided people would allow that she had more penetration than any one else in Hereford. She was moreover a good deal piqued and alarmed by the idea that the perfumer's daughter might rival and outshine her own. Whilst she had thought herself sure of Mr. O'Neill's attachment to Phœbe, she had looked higher; especially as she was persuaded, by the perfumer's lady, to think that an Irishman could not be a good match: but now she began to

suspect that the perfumer's lady had changed her opinion of Irishmen, since she did not object to her own Jenny's leading up the ball at Mr. O'Neill's.

All these thoughts passed rapidly in the mother's mind; and, with her fear of losing an admirer for her Phœbe, the value of that admirer suddenly rose in her estimation. Thus, at an auction, if a lot is going to be knocked down to a lady, who is the only person that has bid for it, even she feels discontented, and despises that which nobody covets: but if, as the hammer is falling, many voices answer to the question, Who bids more? then her anxiety to secure the prize suddenly rises; and, rather than be outbid, she will give far beyond its value.

'Why, child,' said Mrs. Hill, 'since you have a pair of Limerick gloves, and since certainly that note was an invitation to us to this ball, and since it is much more fitting that you should open the ball than Jenny Brown, and since, after all, it was very handsome and genteel of the

young man to say he would take you without a farthing in your pocket, which shows that those were misinformed who talked of him as an Irish adventurer, and since we are not certain t'was he made away with the dog, although he said its barking was a great nuisance, and since, if he did not kill or entice away the dog, there is no great reason to suppose he was the person who made the hole under the foundation of the cathedral, or that he could have such a wicked thought as to blow it up, and since he must be in a very good way of business to be able to afford giving away four or five guineas worth of Limerick gloves, and balls and suppers, and since, after all, it is no fault of his to be an Irishman, I give it as my vote and opinion, my dear, that you put on your Limerick gloves and go to this ball; and I'll go and speak to your father, and bring him round to our opinion; and then I'll pay the morning visit I owe to the widow O'Neill, and make up your quarrel with Brian. Love quarrels are easy to

make up, you know; and then we shall have things all upon velvet again; and Jenny Brown need not come, with her hypocritical condoling face, to us any more.'

After running this speech glibly off, Mrs. Hill, without waiting to hear a syllable from poor Phœbe, trotted off in search of her consort. It was not, however, quite so easy a task, as his wife expected it would be, to bring Mr. Hill round to her opinion. He was slow in declaring himself of any opinion; but, when once he had said a thing, there was but little chance of altering his notions. On this occasion, Mr. Hill was doubly bound to his prejudice against our unlucky Irishman; for he had mentioned, with great solemnity, at the club which he frequented, the grand affair of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral; and his suspicions that there was a design to blow it up. Several of the club had laughed at this idea; others, who supposed that Mr. O'Neill was a Roman Catholic, and who

had a confused notion that a Roman Catholic *must* be a very wicked dangerous being, thought that there might be a great deal in the churchwarden's suggestions; and observed that a very watchful eye ought to be kept upon this Irish glover, who had come to settle at Hereford nobody knew why, and who seemed to have money at command nobody knew how.

The news of this ball sounded to Mr. Hill's prejudiced imagination like the news of a conspiracy. Aye! aye! thought he; the Irishman is cunning enough! But we shall be too many for him: he wants to throw all the good sober folks of Hereford off their guard, by feasting and dancing, and carousing, I take it; and so to perpetrate his evil designs when it is least suspected: but we shall be prepared for him! Fools as he takes us plain Englishmen to be, I warrant.

In consequence of these most shrewd coagitations, our churchwarden silenced his wife with a peremptory nod, when she

came to persuade him to let Phœbe put on the Limerick gloves, and go to the ball. 'To this ball she shall not go; and I charge her not to put on those Limerick gloves, as she values my blessing,' said Mr. Hill. 'Please to tell her so, Mrs. Hill, and trust to my judgment and discretion in all things, Mrs. Hill. Strange work may be in Hereford yet: but I'll say no more, I must go and consult with knowing men, who are of my own opinion.

He sallied forth, and Mrs. Hill was left in a state which only those who are troubled with the disease of excessive curiosity can rightly comprehend or compassionate. She hied her back to Phœbe, to whom she announced her father's answer; and then went gossiping to all her female acquaintance in Hereford, to tell them all that she knew, and all that she did not know; and to endeavour to find out a secret where there was none to be found.

CHAPTER IV.

The Certainties of Suspicion are always doubtful, and often ridiculous.

THERE are trials of temper in all conditions; and no lady, in high or low life, could endure them with a better grace than Phœbe. Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Hill were busied abroad, there came to see Phœbe one of the widow Smith's children. With artless expressions of gratitude to Phœbe, this little girl mixed the praises of O'Neill, who, she said, had been the constant friend of her mother, and had given her money every week since the fire happened. 'Mammy loves him dearly, for being so good natured,' continued the child; 'and he has been good to other people as well as to us.'

'To whom?' said Phœbe.

'To a poor man, who has lodged for these few days past next door to us,' re-

plied the child; 'I don't know his name rightly, but he is an Irishman; and he goes out a haymaking in the day-time, along with a number of others. He knew Mr. O'Neill in his own country, and he told mammy a great deal about his goodness.'

As the child finished these words, Phœbe took out of a drawer some clothes, which she had made for the poor woman's children, and gave them to the little girl. It happened that the Limerick gloves had been thrown into this drawer; and Phœbe's favourable sentiments of the giver of those gloves were revived by what she had just heard, and by the confession Mrs. Hill had made, that she had no reasons, and but vague suspicions, for thinking ill of him. She laid the gloves perfectly smooth, and strewed over them, whilst the little girl went on talking of Mr. O'Niell, the leaves of a rose which she had worn on Sunday.

Mr. Hill was all this time in deep conference with those prudent men of

Hereford, who were of his own opinion, about the perilous hole under the cathedral. The ominous circumstance of this ball was also considered, the great expence at which the Irish glover lived, and his giving away gloves; which was a sure sign he was not under any necessity to sell them, and consequently a proof that, though he pretended to be a glover, he was something wrong in disguise. Upon putting all these things together, it was resolved, by these overwise politicians, that the best thing that could be done for Hereford, and the only possible means of preventing the immediate destruction of its cathedral, would be to take Mr. O'Neill into custody. Upon recollection, however, it was perceived that there were no legal grounds on which he could be attacked. At length, after consulting an attorney, they devised what they thought an admirable mode of proceeding.

Our Irish hero had not that punctuality which English tradesmen usually observe

in the payment of bills: he had, the preceding year, run up a long bill with a grocer in Hereford; and, as he had not at Christmas cash in hand to pay it, he had given a note, payable six months after date. The grocer, at Mr. Hill's request, made over the note to him; and it was determined that the money should be demanded, as it was now due, and that, if it was not paid directly, O'Neill should be that night arrested. How Mr. Hill made the discovery of this debt to the grocer agree with his former notion, that the Irish glover had always money at command, we cannot well conceive; but anger and prejudice will swallow down the grossest contradictions without difficulty.

When Mr. Hill's clerk went to demand payment of the note, O'Neill's head was full of the ball which he was to give that evening. He was much surprised at the unexpected appearance of the note: he had not ready money by him to pay it; and, after swearing a good deal at the clerk, and complaining of this

ungenerous and ungentleman-like behaviour in the grocer and the tanner, he told the clerk to be gone, and not to be bothering him at such an unseasonable time; that he could not have the money then, and did not deserve to have it at all.

This language and conduct were rather new to the English clerk's mercantile ears: we cannot wonder that it should seem to him, as he said to his master, more the language of a madman than a man of business. This want of punctuality in money transactions, and this mode of treating contracts as matters of favour and affection, might not have damned the fame of our hero in his own country, where such conduct is, alas! too common; but he was now in a kingdom where the manners and customs are so directly opposite that he could meet with no allowance for his national faults. It would be well for his countrymen if they were made, even by a few mortifications, somewhat sensible of this important difference in the habits of

Irish and English traders, before they come to settle in England.

But, to proceed with our story. On the night of Mr. O'Neill's grand ball, as he was seeing his fair partner, the perfumer's daughter, safe home, he felt himself tapped on the shoulder by no friendly hand. When he was told that he was the king's prisoner, he vociferated with sundry strange oaths, which we forbear to repeat, 'No, I am not the king's prisoner! I am the prisoner of that shabby rascally tanner, Jonathan Hill. None but he would arrest a gentleman, in this way, for a trifle not worth mentioning.'

Miss Jenny Brown screamed when she found herself under the protection of a man who was arrested; and, what between her screams and his oaths, there was such a disturbance that a mob gathered.

Among this mob there was a party of Irish haymakers; who, after returning late from a harvest-home, had been drink-

ing in a neighbouring ale-house. With one accord, they took part with their countryman, and would have rescued him from the civil officers with all the pleasure in life, if he had not fortunately possessed just sufficient sense and command of himself to restrain their party-spirit, and to forbid them, as they valued his life and reputation, to interfere, by word or deed, in his defence.

He then dispatched one of the haymakers home to his mother, to inform her of what had happened; and to request that she would get somebody to be bail for him as soon as possible, as the officers said they could not let him out of their sight till he was bailed by substantial people, or till the debt was discharged.

The widow O'Neill was just putting out the candles in the ball room when this news of her son's arrest was brought to her. We pass over Hibernian exclamations: she consoled her pride by reflecting that it would certainly be the most easy thing imaginable to procure

bail for Mr. O'Neill in Hereford, where he had so many friends who had just been dancing at his house; but to dance at his house she found was one thing, and to be bail for him quite another. Each guest sent excuses; and the widow O'Neill was astonished at what never fails to astonish every body, when it happens to themselves. 'Rather than let my son be detained in this manner for a paultry debt,' cried she, 'I'd sell all I have within half an hour to a pawn-broker.' It was well no pawn-broker heard this declaration: she was too warm to consider economy. She sent for a pawn-broker, who lived in the same street, and, after pledging goods to treble the amount of the debt, she obtained ready money for her son's release.

O'Neill, after being in custody for about an hour and a half, was set at liberty upon the payment of his debt. As he passed by the cathedral in his way home, he heard the clock strike; and he called to a man, who was walking backwards and forwards in the church-yard, to

ask whether it was two or three that the clock struck. 'Three,' answered the man; 'and, as yet, all is safe.'

O'Neill, whose head was full of other things, did not stop to enquire the meaning of these last words. He little suspected that this man was a watchman, whom the over-vigilant churchwarden had stationed there to guard the Hereford cathedral from his attacks. O'Neill little guessed that he had been arrested merely to keep him from blowing up the cathedral this night. The arrest had an excellent effect upon his mind, for he was a youug man of good sense: it made him resolve to retrench his expences in time, to live more like a glover, and less like a gentleman; and to aim more at establishing credit, and less at gaining popularity. He found, from experience, that good friends will not pay bad debts.

CHAPTER V.

Conjecture is an Ignis Fatuus, that by seeming to light may dangerously mislead.

'ON Thursday morning, our church-warden rose in unusually good spirits, congratulating himself upon the eminent service he had done to the city of Hereford, by his sagacity in discovering the foreign plot to blow up the eathedral, and by his dexterity in having the enemy held in custody, at the very hour when the dreadful deed was to have been perpetrated. Mr. Hill's knowing friends further agreed it would be necessary to have a guard that should sit up every night in the church-yard; and that, as soon as they could, by constantly watching the enemy's motions, procure any information which the attorney should deem sufficient grounds for a legal proceeding, they should lay the whole business before the mayor.

After arranging all this most judiciously and mysteriously with the friends who were exactly of his own opinion, Mr. Hill laid aside his dignity of church-warden; and, assuming his other character of a tanner, proceeded to his tan-yard. What was his surprise and consternation when he beheld his great rick of oak-bark levelled to the ground; the pieces of bark were scattered far and wide, some over the close, some over the fields, and some were seen swimming upon the water. No tongue, no pen, no muse can describe the feelings of our tanner at this spectacle! feelings which became the more violent from the absolute silence which he imposed on himself upon this occasion. He instantly decided, in his own mind, that this injury was perpetrated by O'Neill, in revenge for his arrest; and went privately to the attorney to enquire what was to be done, on his part, to secure legal vengeance.

The attorney unluckily, or at least as

Mr. Hill thought unluckily, had been sent for, half an hour before, by a gentleman at some distance from Hereford, to draw up a will; so that our tanner was obliged to postpone his legal operations.

We forbear to recount his return, and how many times he walked up and down the close to view his scattered bark, and to estimate the damage that had been done to him. At length that hour came which usually suspends all passions by the more imperious power of appetite—the hour of dinner; an hour of which it was never needful to remind Mr. Hill by watch, clock, or dial; for he was blessed with a punctual appetite, and powerful as punctual: so powerful, indeed, that it often excited the spleen of his more genteel, or less hungry, wife.—'Bless my stars, Mr. Hill,' she would oftentimes say, 'I am really downright ashamed to see you eat so much; and, when company is to dine with us, I do wish you would take a snack by way of a damper before dinner, that you

may not look so prodigious famishing and ungenteel.'

Upon this hint, Mr. Hill commenced a practice, to which he ever afterwards religiously adhered, of going, whether there was to be company or no company, into the kitchen regularly every day, half an hour before dinner, to take a slice from the roast or the boiled before it went up to table. As he was this day, according to his custom, in the kitchen, taking his snack by way of a damper, he heard the house-maid and the cook talking about some wonderful fortune-teller, whom the house-maid had been consulting. This fortune-teller was no less a personage than the successor to Bampfylde Moore Carew, king of the gipsies, whose life and adventures are probably in many, too many of our readers' hands. Bampfylde the second, king of the gypsies, assumed this title, in hopes of becoming as famous, or as infamous, as his predecessor: he was now holding his court in a wood near the town of Hereford, and numbers of servant-maids

and 'prentices went to consult him—nay, it was whispered that he was resorted to, secretly, by some whose education might have taught them better sense.

Numberless were the instances which our church-warden heard in his kitchen of the supernatural skill of this cunning man; and, whilst Mr. Hill eat his snack with his wonted gravity, he revolved great designs in his secret soul. Mrs. Hill was surprised, several times during dinner, to see her consort put down his knife and fork, and meditate. 'Gracious me, Mr. Hill, what can have happened to you this day? What can you be thinking of, Mr. Hill, that can make you forget what you have upon your plate?'

'Mrs. Hill,' replied the thoughtful church-warden, 'our grandmother Eve had too much curiosity; and we all know it did not lead to no good. What I am thinking of will be known to you in due time; but not now, Mrs. Hill; therefore, pray no questions, or teizing, or pumping. What I think, I think; what I say, I say;

what I know, I know; and that is enough for you to know at present: only this, Phœbe, you did very well not to put on the Limerick gloves, child. What I know, I know. Things will turn out just as I said from the first. What I say, I say; and what I think, I think; and this is enough for you to know at present.'

Having finished dinner with this solemn speech, Mr. Hill settled himself in his arm-chair, to take his after-dinner's nap; and he dreamed of blowing up cathedrals, and of oak-bark floating upon the waters; and the cathedral was, he thought, blown up by a man dressed in a pair of woman's Limerick gloves, and the oak-bark turned into mutton-steaks, after which his great dog Jowler was swimming; when, all on a sudden, as he was going to beat Jowler for eating the bark transformed into mutton steaks, Jowler became Bampfylde the second king of the gipsies; and, putting a horsewhip with a silver handle into Hill's hand, commanded him three times, in a voice as loud as the town-crier's, to have

O'Neill whipped through the market-place of Hereford: but, just as he was going to the window to see this whipping, his wig fell off and he awoke,

It was difficult, even for Mr. Hill's sagacity, to make sense of this dream: but he had the wise art of always finding in his dreams something that confirmed his waking determinations. Before he went to sleep, he had half resolved to consult the king of the gipsies, in the absence of the attorney; and his dream made him now wholly determine upon this prudent step. From Bampfylde the second, thought he, I shall learn for certain who made the hole under the cathedral, who pulled down my rick of bark, and who made away with my dog, Jowler; and then I shall swear examinations against O'Neill without waiting for attornies. I will follow my own way in this business: I have always found my own way best.'

So, when the dusk of the evening increased, our wise man set out towards the wood, to consult the cunning man.

Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies, resided in a sort of hut made of the branches of trees: the church-warden stooped, but did not stoop low enough, as he entered this temporary palace; and, whilst his body was almost bent double, his peruke was caught upon a twig. From this aukward situation he was relieved by the consort of the king; and he now beheld, by the light of some embers, the person of his gipsey majesty, to whose sublime appearance this dim light was so favourable that it struck a secret awe into our wise man's soul; and, forgetting Hereford cathedral, and oak-bark, and Limerick gloves, he stood for some seconds speechless. During this time, the queen very dexterously disencumbered his pocket of all superfluous articles. When he recovered his recollection he put, with great solemnity, the following queries to the king of the gipsies, and received the following answers:

'Do you know a dangerous Irishman, of the name of O'Neill; who has come,

for purposes best known to himself, to settle at Hereford?'

'Yes, we know him well.'

'Indeed! And what do you know of him?'

'That he is a dangerous Irishman.'

'Right! And it was he, was it not, that made away with my dog Jowler, that used to guard the tan-yard?'

'It was.'

'And who was it that pulled down, or caused to be pulled down, my rick of oak-bark?'

'It was the person that you suspect.'

'And was it the person whom I suspect that made the hole under the foundation of our cathedral?'

'The same, and no other.'

'And for what purpose did he make that hole?'

'For a purpose that must not be named,' replied the king of the gipsies; nodding his head in a mysterious manner.

'But it may be named to me,' cried the churchwarden, 'for I have found it out,

and I am one of the churchwardens; and is it not fit that a plot to blow up the Hereford cathedral should be known *to* me and *through* me?'

> 'Now take my word,
> Wise man of Hereford,
> None in safety may be,
> Till the *bad man* doth flee.'

These oracular verses, pronounced by Bampfylde with all the enthusiasm of one who was inspired, had the desired effect upon our wise man; and he left the presence of the king of the gipsies with a prodigiously high opinion of his majesty's judgment, and of his own, fully resolved to impart, the next morning, to the mayor of Hereford his important discoveries.

CHAPTER VI.

Falsehood and Folly usually confute themselves.

NOW it happened that, during the time Mr. Hill was putting the foregoing queries to Bampfylde the second, there came to

the door, or entrance of the audience-chamber, an Irish haymaker, who wanted to consult the cunning man about a little leathern purse which he had lost, whilst he was making hay, in a field near Hereford. This hay-maker was the same person who, as we have related, spoke so advantageously of our hero, O'Neill, to the widow Smith. As this man, whose name was Paddy M'Cormack, stood at the entrance of the gipsies' hut, his attention was caught by the name of O'Neill; and he lost not a word of all that passed. He had reason to be somewhat surprised at hearing Bampfylde assert it was O'Neill who had pulled down the rick of bark. 'By the holy poker,' said he to himself, 'the old fellow now is out there. I know more o' that matter than he does, no offence to his majesty: he knows no more of my purse, I'll engage now, than he does of this man's rick of bark and his dog: so I'll keep my tester in my pocket, and not be giving it to this king o' the gipsies, as they call him; who, as near as I can guess, is no better than a

cheat. But there is one secret which I can be telling this conjurer himself; he shall not find it such an easy matter to do all what he thinks; he shall not be after ruining an innocent countryman of my own, whilst Paddy M'Cormack has a tongue and brains.'

Now Paddy M'Cormack had the best reason possible for knowing that Mr. O'Neill did not pull down Mr. Hill's rick of bark; it was M'Cormack himself who, in the heat of his resentment for the insulting arrest of his countryman in the streets of Hereford, had instigated his fellow haymakers to this mischief: he headed them, and thought he was doing a clever spirited action.

There is a strange mixture of virtue and vice in the minds of the lower class of Irish: or rather a strange confusion in their ideas of right and wrong, from want of proper education. As soon as poor Paddy found out that his spirited action of pulling down the rick of bark was likely to be the ruin of his countryman, he re-

solved to make all the amends in his power for his folly: he went to collect his fellow hay-makers, and persuaded them to assist him this night in rebuilding what they had pulled down.

They went to this work when every body except themselves, as they thought, was asleep in Hereford. They had just completed the stack, and were all going away except Paddy, who was seated at the very top finishing the pile, when they heard a loud voice cry out, 'Here they are; Watch! Watch!'

Immediately all the hay-makers, who could, ran off as fast as possible. It was the watch who had been sitting up at the cathedral who gave the alarm. Paddy was taken from the top of the rick, and lodged in the watch-house till morning. 'Since I'm to be rewarded this way for doing a good action, sorrow take me,' said he, 'if they catch me doing another the longest day ever I live.'

Happy they who have in their neighbourhood such a magistrate as Mr. Mar-

shal. He was a man who, to an exact knowledge of the duties of his office, joined the power of discovering truth from the midst of contradictory evidence; and the happy art of soothing, or laughing, the angry passions into good humour. It was a common saying in Hereford—that no one ever came out of Justice Marshal's house as angry as he went into it.

Mr. Marshal had scarcely breakfasted when he was informed that Mr. Hill, the church-warden, wanted to speak to him on business of the utmost importance. Mr. Hill, the church-warden, was ushered in; and, with gloomy solemnity, took a seat opposite to Mr. Marshal.

'Sad doings in Hereford, Mr. Mayor! Sad doings, Sir.'

'Sad doings? Why I was told we had merry doings in Hereford. A ball the night before last, as I heard.'

'So much the worse, Mr. Marshal; so much the worse: as those think with reason that see as far into things as I do.'

'So much the better, Mr. Hill,' said Mr. Marshal laughing; 'so much the better: as those think with reason that see no farther into things than I do.'

'But, Sir,' said the church-warden still more solemnly, 'this is no laughing matter, nor time for laughing, begging your pardon, Mr. Mayor. Why, Sir, the night of that there diabolical ball, our Hereford cathedral, Sir, would have been blown up; blown up from the foundation, if it had not been for me, Sir!'

'Indeed, Mr. Churchwarden! And pray how, and by whom, was the cathedral to be blown up; and what was there diabolical in this ball?'

Here Mr. Hill let Mr. Marshal into the whole history of his early dislike to O'Neill, and his shrewd suspicions of him the first moment he saw him in Hereford; related in the most prolix manner all that the reader knows already, and concluded by saying that, as he was now certain of his facts, he was come to swear examinations against

this villainous Irishman, who, he hoped, would be speedily brought to justice, as he deserved.

'To justice he shall be brought, as he deserves,' said Mr. Marshal; 'but, before I write, and before you swear, will you have the goodness to inform me how you have made yourself as certain as you evidently are, of what you call your facts?'

'Sir, that is a secret,' replied our wise man, 'which I shall trust to you alone;' and he whispered into Mr. Marshal's ear that his information came from Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies.

Mr. Marshal instantly burst into laughter; then composing himself said, 'My good Sir, I am really glad that you have proceeded no farther in this business; and that no one in Hereford, besides myself, knows that you were on the point of swearing examinations against a man on the evidence of Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies *. My dear Sir, it would be a

* The following passage is an extract from Colquhon, On the Police of the Metropolis, page 69:—

standing joke against you to the end of your days. A grave man, like Mr. Hill; and a churchwarden too! Why you would be the laughing-stock of Hereford!'

Now Mr. Marshal well knew the character of the man to whom he was talking, who, above all things on earth, dreaded to be laughed at. Mr. Hill coloured all over his face, and, pushing back his wig by way of

" An instance of mischievous credulity occasioned by consulting this impostor," *(a man calling himself an astrologer, who practised long in the Curtain-road, Shoreditch, London; and who is said, in conjunction with his associates, to have made near 300l. a year by practising on the credulity of the lower order of the people,)* " fell lately under the review of a police magistrate. A person, having property stolen from him, went to consult the conjurer respecting the thief; who having described something like the person of a man whom he suspected, his credulity and folly so far got the better of his reason and reflection as to induce him, upon the authority of this impostor, actually to charge his neighbour with a felony, and to cause him to be apprehended. The magistrate settled the matter by discharging the prisoner, reprimanding the accuser severely, and ordering the conjurer to be taken into custody, according to law, as a rogue and a vagabond."

settling it, shewed that he blushed not only all over his face but all over his head.

'Why, Mr. Marshal, Sir,' said he, 'as to my being laughed at, it is what I did not look for, being as there are some men in Hereford, to whom I have mentioned that hole in the cathedral, who have thought it no laughing matter, and who have been precisely of my own opinion thereupon.'

'But did you tell these gentlemen that you had been consulting the king of the gipsies?'

'No, Sir, no: I can't say that I did.'

'Then, I advise you, keep your own counsel, as I will.'

Mr. Hill, whose imagination wavered between the hole in the cathedral and his rick of bark on one side, and between his rick of bark and his dog Jowler on the other, now began to talk of the dog, and now of the rick of bark; and when he had exhausted all he had to say upon these subjects, Mr. Marshal gently pulled him towards the window, and putting a spy-

glass into his hand, bid him look towards his own tan-yard, and tell him what he saw. To his great surprise, Mr. Hill saw his rick of bark rebuilt. 'Why it was not there last night,' exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes. 'Why some conjurer must have done this.'

'No,' replied Mr. Marshal, 'no conjurer did it; but your friend Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies, was the cause of its being rebuilt; and here is the man who actually pulled it down, and who actually rebuilt it.'

As he said these words, Mr. Marshal opened the door of an adjoining room, and beckoned to the Irish hay-maker, who had been taken into custody about an hour before this time. The watch who took Paddy had called at Mr. Hill's house to tell him what had happened; but Mr. Hill was not then at home.

CHAPTER VII.

Our Mistakes are our very selves; we therefore combat for them to the last.

IT was with much surprise that the church-warden heard the simple truth from this poor fellow; but no sooner was he convinced that O'Neill was innocent, as to this affair, than he recurred to his other ground of suspicion, the loss of his dog.

The Irish hay-maker now stepped forward, and, with a peculiar twist of the hips and shoulders, which those only who have seen it can picture to themselves, said, 'Please your honor's honor, I have a little word to say too about the dog.'

'Say it then,' said Mr. Marshal.

'Please your honor, if I might expect to be forgiven, and let off for pulling down the jontleman's stack, I might be able to tell him what I know about the dog.'

'If you can tell me any thing about my dog,' said the tanner, 'I will freely forgive you for pulling down the rick; especially as you have built it up again. Speak the truth now: Did not O'Neill make away with the dog?'

'Not at-all at-all, plase your honor,' replied the hay-maker: 'and the truth of the matter is, I know nothing of the dog, good or bad; but I know something of his collar, if your name plase your honor is Hill, as I take it to be?'

'My name is Hill; proceed,' said the tanner, with great eagerness. 'You know something about the collar of my dog Jowler.'

'Plase your honor, this much I know, any way, that it is now, or was the night before last, at the pawnbroker's there, below in town; for, plase your honor, I was sent late at night, (that night that Mr. O'Neill, long life to him! was arrested,) to the pawnbroker's for a Jew, by Mrs. O'Neill, poor cratur! she was in great trouble that same time.'

'Very likely,' interrupted Mr. Hill: 'but go on to the collar; what of the collar?'

'She sent me,—I'll tell you the story, plase your honor, *out of the face.*—She sent me to the pawnbroker's, for the Jew; and, it being so late at night, the shop was shut, and it was with all the trouble in life that I got into the house any way; and, when I got in, there was none but a slip of a boy up; and he set down the light that he had in his hand, and ran up the stairs to waken his master; and, whilst he was gone, I just made bold to look round at what sort of a place I was in, and at the old clothes, and rags, and scraps; and there was a sort of a frieze trusty.'

'A trusty!' said Mr. Hill; 'what is that, pray?'

'A big coat sure, plase your honor: there was a frieze big coat lying in a corner, which I had my eye upon, to trate myself to; I having, as I then thought, money in my little purse enough for it. Well, I won't trouble your honor's honor

with telling of you now how I lost my purse in the field, as I found after: but about the big coat, as I was saying, I just lifted it off the ground, to see would it fit me; and, as I swung it round, something plase your honor hit me a great knock on the shins: it was in the pocket of the coat, whatever it was, I knew; so I looks into the pocket, to see what was it, plase your honor, and out I pulls a hammer, and a dog-collar; it was a wonder, both together, they did not break my shins entirely: but its no matter for my shins now: so, before the boy came down, I just, out of idleness, spelt out to myself the name that was upon the collar; there were two names, plase your honor; and out of the first there was so many letters hammered out I could make nothing of it, at-all at-all; but the other name was plain enough to read any way, and it was Hill, plase your honor's honor, as sure as life: Hill, now.'

This story was related in tones, and with gestures, which were so new and strange, to English ears and eyes, that even

the solemnity of our churchwarden gave way to laughter. Mr. Marshal sent a summons for the pawnbroker, that he might learn from him how he came by the dog-collar. The pawnbroker, when he found from Mr. Marshal that he could by no other means save himself from being committed to prison, for receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, confessed that the collar had been sold to him by Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies.

A warrant was immediately dispatched for his majesty; and Mr. Hill was a good deal alarmed, by the fear of its being known, in Hereford, that he was on the point of swearing examinations against an innocent man, upon the evidence of a dog-stealer and a gipsy.

Bampfylde the second made no sublime appearance, when he was brought before Mr. Marshal: nor could all his astrology avail him upon this occasion: the evidence of the pawnbroker was so

positive, as to the fact of his having sold to him the dog-collar, that there was no resource left for Bampfylde but an appeal to Mr. Hill's mercy. He fell on his knees, and confessed that it was he who stole the dog; which used to bark at him at night so furiously that he could not commit certain petty depredations, by which, as much as by telling fortunes, he made his livelihood.

'And so,' said Mr. Marshal, with a sternness of manner which till now he had never shewn, 'to skreen yourself, you accused an innocent man; and by your vile arts would have driven him from Hereford, and have set two families for ever at variance, to conceal that you had stolen a dog.'

The king of the gipsies was, without further ceremony, committed to the house of correction. We should not omit to mention that, on searching his hut, the Irish haymaker's purse was found; which some of his majesty's train had emptied.

The whole set of gipsies decamped, upon the news of the apprehension of their monarch.

CHAPTER VIII.

Good Sense and good Humour are the best Peace-makers.

MR. HILL stood in profound silence, leaning upon his walking-stick, whilst the committal was making out for Bampfylde the second. The fear of ridicule was struggling with the natural positiveness of his temper: he was dreadfully afraid that the story of his being taken in, by the king of the gipsies, would get abroad; and, at the same time, he was unwilling to give up his prejudice against the Irish glover.

'But Mr. Mayor,' cried he, after a long silence, 'the hole under the foundation of our cathedral has never been accounted for: that is, was, and ever will be, an

ugly mystery to me; and I never can have a good opinion of this Irishman, till it is cleared up; nor can I think the cathedral in safety.'

'What,' said Mr. Marshal, with an arch smile, 'I suppose the verses of the oracle still work upon your imagination, Mr. Hill. They are excellent in their kind. I must have them by heart that, when I am asked the reason why Mr. Hill has taken an aversion to an Irish glover, I may be able to repeat them.

> 'Now, take my word,
> Wise man of Hereford,
> None in safety may be
> Till the bad man doth flee.'

'You'll oblige me, Mr. Mayor,' said the church-warden, 'if you would never repeat those verses, Sir; nor mention, in any company, the affair of the king of the gipsies.'

'I will oblige you,' replied Mr. Marshal, 'if you will oblige me. Will you tell me honestly whether, now that you

find this Mr. O'Neill is neither a dog-killer nor a puller down of bark-ricks, you feel that you could forgive him for being an Irishman, if the mystery, as you call it, of the hole under the cathedral was cleared up?'

'But that is not cleared up I say, Sir,' cried Mr. Hill; striking his walking-stick forcibly upon the ground, with both his hands. 'As to the matter of his being an Irishman, I have nothing to say to it: I am not saying any thing about that, for I know we are all born where it pleases God; and an Irishman may be as good as another. I know that much, Mr. Marshal; and I am not one of those illiberal-minded ignorant people that cannot abide a man that was not born in England. Ireland is now in his majesty's dominions, I know very well, Mr. Mayor; and I have no manner of doubt, as I said before, that an Irishman born may be as good, almost, as an Englishman born.'

'I am glad,' said Mr. Marshal, 'to hear you speak, almost, as reasonably as an

Englishman born and every man ought to speak; and I am convinced that you have too much English hospitality to persecute an inoffensive stranger, who comes amongst us trusting to our justice and good-nature.'

'I would not persecute a stranger, God forbid, Mr. Mayor,' replied the church-warden, 'if he was, as you say, inoffensive.'

'And if he was not only inoffensive but ready to do every service in his power, to those who are in want of his assistance, we should not return evil for good; should we?'

'That would be uncharitable, to be sure; and moreover a scandal,' said the church-warden.

'Then,' said Mr. Marshal, 'will you walk with me as far as the widow Smith's; the poor woman whose house was burnt last winter? This hay-maker, who lodged near her, can shew us the way to her present abode.'

During his examination of Paddy M'Cormick, who would tell his whole history, as he called it, *out of the face*, Mr.

Marshal heard several instances of the humanity and goodness of O'Neill, which Paddy related to excuse himself for that warmth of attachment, to his cause, that had been manifested so injudiciously by pulling down the rick of bark, in revenge for the arrest. Amongst other things, Paddy mentioned his countryman's goodness to the widow Smith: Mr. Marshal was determined, therefore, to see whether he had, in this instance, spoken the truth; and he took Mr. Hill with him, in hopes of being able to shew him the favourable side of O'Neill's character.

Things turned out just as Mr. Marshal expected. The poor widow and her family, in the most simple and affecting manner, described the distress from which they had been relieved by the good gentleman and lady; the lady was Phœbe Hill; and the praises that were bestowed upon Phœbe were delightful to her father's ear, whose angry passions had now all subsided.

The benevolent Mr. Marshal seized

the moment when he saw Mr. Hill's heart was touched, and exclaimed, 'I must be acquainted with this Mr. O'Neill. I am sure we people of Hereford ought to shew some hospitality to a stranger, who has so much humanity. Mr. Hill, will you dine with him to-morrow at my house?'

Mr. Hill was just going to accept of this invitation when the recollection of all he had said to his club, about the hole under the cathedral, came across him; and, drawing Mr. Marshal aside, he whispered, 'But, Sir, Sir, that affair of the hole under the cathedral has not been cleared up yet.'

At this instant, the widow Smith exclaimed, 'Oh! here comes my little Mary: (one of her children who came running in) 'this is the little girl, Sir, to whom the lady has been so good. 'Make your curtsy, child. Where have you been all this while?'

'Mammy,' said the child, 'I've been shewing the lady my rat.

Lord bless her! Gentlemen, the child

has been wanting me this many a day to go to see this tame rat of hers; but I could never get time, never: and I wondered too at the child's liking such a creature. Tell the gentleman, dear, about your rat. All I know is that, let her have but never such a tiny bit of bread, for breakfast or supper, she saves a little of that little for this rat of hers: she and her brothers have found it out somewhere by the cathedral.'

'It comes out of a hole under the wall of the cathedral,' said one of the elder boys; 'and we have diverted ourselves watching it, and sometimes we have put victuals for it, so it has grown, in a manner, tame like.'

Mr. Hill and Mr. Marshal looked at one another, during this speech; and the dread of ridicule again seized on Mr. Hill, when he apprehended that, after all he had said, the mountain might, at last, bring forth—a rat. Mr. Marshal, who instantly saw what passed in the churchwarden's mind, relieved him from this fear, by refraining even from a smile on this

occasion. He only said to the child, in a grave manner, 'I am afraid, my dear, we shall be obliged to spoil your diversion. Mr. Church-warden, here, cannot suffer rat-holes in the cathedral: but, to make you amends for the loss of your favorite, I will give you a very pretty little dog, if you have a mind.'

The child was well pleased with this promise; and, at Mr. Marshal's desire, she then went along with him and Mr. Hill to the cathedral, and they placed themselves at a little distance from that hole which had created so much disturbance. The child soon brought the dreadful enemy to light; and Mr. Hill, with a faint laugh, said 'I'm glad it's no worse: but there were many in our club who were of my opinion; and, if they had not suspected O'Neill too, I am sure I should never have given you so much trouble, Mr. Mayor, as I have done this morning. But, I hope, as the club know nothing about that vagabond, that king of the gipsies, you will not let any one know any

thing about the prophecy, and all that? I am sure, I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble, Mr. Mayor.'

Mr. Marshal assured him that he did not regret the time which he had spent, in endeavouring to clear up all these mysteries and suspicions; and Mr. Hill gladly accepted his invitation to meet O'Neill at his house the next day. No sooner had Mr. Marshal brought one of the parties to reason, and good humour, than he went to prepare the other for a reconciliation. O'Neill and his mother were both people of warm but forgiving tempers: the arrest was fresh in their minds; but, when Mr. Marshal represented to them the whole affair, and the churchwarden's prejudices, in a humourous light, they joined in the good-natured laugh, and O'Neill declared that, for his part, he was ready to forgive and to forget every thing, if he could but see Miss Phœbe in the Limerick gloves.'

Phœbe appeared the next day, at Mr. Marshal's, in the Limerick gloves; and no perfume ever was so delightful to her lover

as the smell of the rose-leaves, in which they had been kept.

Mr. Marshal had the benevolent pleasure of reconciling the two families. The tanner and the glover of Hereford became, from bitter enemies, useful friends to each other; and they were convinced, by experience, that nothing could be more for their mutual advantage than to live in union.

Nov. 1799.

OUT OF DEBT
OUT OF DANGER.

OUT OF DEBT OUT OF DANGER.

CHAPTER I.

The Contests of Vanity are the Death of Common Sense.

LEONARD LUDGATE was the only son and heir of a London haberdasher, who had made some money by constant attendance to his shop. "Out of debt out of danger," was the father's old-fashioned saying. The son's more liberal maxim was "Spend to-day, and spare to-morrow." Whilst he was under his father's eye, it was not in his power to live up to his principles; and he longed for the time when he should be relieved from his post behind the counter: a situation which he deemed highly unworthy of a youth of his parts and spirit. To imprison his elegant person behind a counter in Cranbourne-Alley was, to be sure, in

a cruel father's power: but this tyranny could not extend to his mind; and, whilst he was weighing minnikin pins or measuring out penny ribbon, his soul, leaving all these meaner things, was expatiating in Bond-street or Hyde-park. Whilst his fingers mechanically adjusted the scales, or carelessly slipped the yard, his imagination was galloping a fine-bay with Tom Lewis; or driving miss Belle Perkins in a gig.

Now Tom Lewis was a dashing young citizen, whom old Ludgate could not endure; and miss Belle Perkins a would-be fine lady, whom he advised his son never to think of for a wife. But the happy moment at length arrived when our hero could safely shew how much he despised both the advice and the character of his father; when he could quit his nook behind the counter, throw aside the yard, assume the whip, and affect the fine gentleman. In short, the happy moment came when his father died.

Leonard now shone forth in all the glo-

ry which the united powers of taylor, hatter, and hosier could spread around his person. Miss Belle Perkins, who had hitherto looked down upon our hero as a reptile of Cranbourne-Alley, beheld his metamorphosis with surprise and admiration. And she, who had formerly been heard to say, " she would not touch him with a pair of tongs," now unreluctantly gave him her envied hand at a ball at Bagnigge wells. Report further adds that, at tea, Miss Belle whispered loud enough to be heard that, since his queer father's death, Leonard Ludgate had turned out quite a genteeler sort of person than could have been expected.

" Upon this hint he spake." His fair one, after assuming all proper and becoming airs upon the occasion, suffered herself to be prevailed upon to call, with her mother and a friend, at Mr. Ludgate's house in Cranbourne-Alley, to see whether it could be possibly inhabited by a lady of her taste and consequence.

As Leonard handed her out of her hack-

ney-coach, she exclaimed, 'bless us, and be we to go through the shop, before we can get to the more creditabler apartments?'

'I am going to cut a passage off the shop, which I've long had in contemplation,' replied our hero, 'only I can't get light into it cleverly.' 'Oh! a lamp in the style of a *chandaleer* will do vastly well by night; which is the time one wants one's house to put the best foot foremost, for company: and by day we can make a shift, somehow or other, I dare say. Any thing's better than *trapesing* through a shop; which is a thing I've never been used to, and cannot reconcile myself to by any means.'

Leonard immediately acceded to this scheme of the dark passage by day, and the *chandeleer* by night; and he hurried his fair one through the odious shop to the *morecreditabler* apartments. She was handed above, about, and underneath. She found every particle of the house wanted modernising immensely, and was altogether

smaller than she could ever have conceived beforehand. Our hero, ambitious at once to shew his gallantry, spirit, and taste, incessantly protested he would adopt every improvement miss Belle Perkins could suggest; and he declared that the identical same ideas had occurred to him a hundred and a hundred times, during his poor father's life-time: but he could never make the old gentleman enter into any thing of the sort, his notions of life being utterly limited, to say no worse. He had one old saw, for ever grating in my ears, as an answer to every thing that bore the stamp of gentility, or carried with it an air of spirit. 'Hey, Allen!' continued our hero, looking over his shoulder, at a young man, who was casting up accounts. 'Hey, Allen; you remember the old saw?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied the young man, 'if you mean, "out of debt out of danger:" I hope I shall never forget it.'

'I hope so too; as you have your fortune to make, it is very proper for you: but for one that has a fortune ready made to spend,

I am free to confess I think my principle worth a million of it: and my maxim is—"Spend to-day, and spare to-morrow." Hey ladies?' concluded Leonard, appealing with an air secure of approbation to his fair mistress and her young companion.

'Why that suits my notions, I must own candidly,' said Belle; 'but here's one beside me, or behind me—Where are you, Lucy?' pursued the young lady, addressing herself to her humble companion: 'here's one, who is more of your shopman's way of thinking than your's, I fancy—Out of debt out of danger is just a sober saying to your mind, an't it Lucy?'

Lucy did not deny the charge. 'Well, child,' said Miss Perkins, 'its very proper for you that have no fortune of your own to spend.'

'It is indeed,' said Lucy, with modest firmness; 'for as I have none of my own, if it were my maxim to spend to-day and spare to-morrow, I should be obliged to spend other people's money, which I never

will do as long as I can maintain myself independently.'

'How proud we are,' cried Miss Perkins, sarcastically. Leonard assented to the sarcasm by his looks; but Allen declared he liked proper pride, and seemed to think that Lucy's was of this species.

An argument might have ensued if a collation, as Mr. Ludgate called it, had not appeared at this critical moment. Of what it consisted, and how genteely and gallantly our hero did the honours of his collation, we forbear to relate; but one material circumstance we must not omit, as on this perhaps more than even on his gentility and gallantry, depended the fortune of the day. In rummaging over a desk to find a corkskrew, young Ludgate took occasion to open and shake a pocket-book, from which fell a shower of bank notes. What effect they produced upon his fair one, and on her mother, can be best judged of by the event. Miss Belle Perkins, after this domiciliary visit, consented to go with our hero on Sunday to Kensington-

gardens, Monday to Sadler's Wells, Tuesday on the water, Wednesday to the play, Thursday the Lord knows to what ball, Friday to Vauxhall, and on Saturday to the altar!

Some people thought the young lady and gentleman rather precipitate; but these were persons who, as the bride justly observed, did not understand any thing in nature of a love-match. Those who have more liberal notions, and a more extensive knowledge of the human heart, can readily comprehend how a lady may think a man so odious at one minute that she could not touch him with a pair of tongs, and so charming the next that she would die a thousand deaths for him, and him alone. Immediately after the ceremony was performed, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate went down in the hoy to Margate, to spend their honey-moon in style. Their honey-moon, alas! could not be prolonged beyond the usual bounds. Even the joys of Margate could not be eternal, and the day came too soon when our happy pair were obliged to

think of returning home. Home! With what different sensations different people pronounce, and hear that word pronounced! Mrs. Leonard Ludgate's home in Cranbourne-alley appeared to her, as she scrupled not to declare, an intolerable low place, after Margate. The stipulated alterations, her husband observed, had been made in the house, but none of them had been executed to her satisfaction. The expedient of the dark passage was not found to succeed: a thorough wind, from the front and back doors, ran along it when either or both were left open to admit light; and this wicked wind, not content with running along the passage, forced its way up and down stairs, made the kitchen chimney smoke, and rendered even the more *creditabler* apartments scarcely habitable. Chimney doctors were in vain consulted, the favourite dark passage was at length abandoned, and the lady, to her utter discomfiture, was obliged to pass through the shop.

To make herself amends for this morti-

fication, she insisted upon throwing down the partition between the dining-room and her own bed-chamber, that she might have one decent apartment at least fit for a route. It was to no purpose that her friend Lucy, who was called in to assist in making up furniture, represented that this scheme of throwing bed-chamber and dining-room into one would be attended with some inconveniences—for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate would be obliged, in consequence of this improvement, to sleep in half of the maid's garret, or to sit up all night. This objection was over-ruled by Mrs. Ludgate, whose genius, fertile in expedients, made every thing easy by the introduction of a press-bed in the dining-room, in the shape of a sofa. The newly-enlarged apartment, she observed, would thus answer the double purposes of shew and utility; and, as soon as the supper and card tables should be removed, the press bed might be let down. She asserted that the first people in London manage in this way. Leonard could

not contradict his lady, because she had a ready method of silencing him, by asking how he could possibly know any thing of life who had lived all his days, except Sundays, in Cranbourne-alley? Then, if any of his father's old notions of economy by chance twinged his conscience, Belle very judiciously asked how he ever came to think of her for a wife? 'Since you have got a genteel wife,' said she, 'it becomes you to live up to her notions, and to treat her as she and her friends have a right to expect. Before I married you, Sir, none of the Perkins's were in trade themselves, either directly or indirectly; and many's the slights and reproaches I've met with from my own relations and former acquaintances, since my marriage, on account of the Ludgates being all tradesfolks; to which I always answer—that my Leonard is going to wash his hands of trade himself, and to make over all concern in the haberdashery line and shop to the young man below stairs, who is much better suited to such things.'

By such speeches as these, alternately piquing and soothing the vanity of her Leonard, our accomplished wife worked him to her purposes. She had a route once a week; and her room was so crowded that there was scarcely a possibility of breathing. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she one morning declared, with a burst of tears, she was the most miserable woman in the world. And why? because her friend, Mrs. Pimlico, Miss Coxeater that was, had a house in Weymouth-street; whilst she was forced to keep on being buried in Cranbourne-alley. Mr. Ludgate was moved by his wife's tears, and by his own ambition, and took a house in Weymouth-street. But, before they had been there six weeks, the fair was again found all bathed in tears. And why? 'Because,' said Belle, 'Because, Mr. Ludgate, the furniture of this house is as old as Methusalem's; and my friend, Mrs. Pimlico, said yesterday that it was a shame to be seen: and so to be sure it is compared with her

own, which is spick and span new. Yet why should she pretend to look down upon me, in point of furniture or any thing? Who was she, before she was married? Little Kitty Coxeater, as we always called her at the dancing school; and nobody ever thought of comparing her, in point of gentility, with Belle Perkins! Why she is as ugly as sin! though she is my friend, I must acknowledge *that*: and, if she had all the clothes in the world, she would never know how to put any of them on; that's one comfort. And, as every body says, to be sure she never would have got a husband but for her money. And, after all, what sort of a husband has she got? a perfumer indeed! a man with a face like one of his own wash-balls, all manner of colours. I declare, I would rather have gone without to the end of my days than have married Mr. Pimlico.'

'I cannot blame you there, my dear,' said Mr. Ludgate; 'for to be sure Mr. Pimlico, much as he thinks of himself and

his country-house, has as little the air of —— the air of fashion as can be well conceived.'

Leonard Ludgate made an emphatic pause in this speech; and surveyed himself in a looking-glass with much complacency, whilst he pronounced the word fashion. He indeed approved so much of his wife's taste and discernment, in prefering him to Mr. Pimlico, that he could not at this moment help inclining to follow her judgment respecting the furniture. He acceded to her position, that the Ludgates ought to appear at least no shabbier than the Pimlicos. The conclusion was inevitable: Leonard, according to his favorite maxim of "Spend to-day and spare to-morrow," agreed that they might new furnish the house this year, and pay for it the next. This was immediately done; and the same principle was extended through all their household affairs, as far as the tradesmen concerned would admit of its being carried into practice.

By this means, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were not for some time sensible of the difficulties they were preparing for themselves. They went on vying with the Pimlicos, and with all their new acquaintance and new neighbours, who were many of them much more rich than themselves; and of this vain competition there was no end. Those who estimate happiness, not by the real comforts or luxuries which they enjoy, but by comparison between themselves and their neighbours, must be subject to continual mortification and discontent. Far from being happier than they were formerly, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were much more miserable, after their removal to Weymouth-street. Was it not better to be the first person in Cranbourne-alley than the last in Weymouth-street? New wants and wishes continually arose in their new situation. They must live like other people. Every body, that is, every body in Weymouth-street did so and so; and, therefore, they must do the same. They must go to such a

place, or they must have such a thing, not because it was in itself necessary or desirable, but because every body, that is, every body of their acquaintance, did or had the same. Even to be upon a footing with their new neighbours was a matter of some difficulty; and then merely to be upon an equality, merely to be admitted and suffered at parties, is aukward and humiliating. Noble ambition prompted them continually to aim at distinction. The desire to attain *Il poco piu—the little more*, stimulates to excellence, or betrays to ruin, according to the objects of our ambition. No artist ever took more pains to surpass Raphael, or Correggio, than was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate to outshine Mr. and Mrs. Pimlico. And still what they had done seemed nothing: what they were to do occupied all their thoughts. No timid economical fears could stop, or even startle them, in the road to ruin. Faithful to his maxim, our hero denied himself nothing. If, for a moment, the idea that any thing was too

expensive suggested itself, his wife banished care by observing, 'We need not pay for it now. What signifies it, since we need not think of paying for it till next year?' She had abundance of arguments, of similar solidity, adapted to all occasions. Sometimes the thing in question was such a trifle it could not ruin any body. ''Tis but a guinea! *'Tis but* a few shillings!' Sometimes it was a sort of thing that could not ruin any body, because ''Tis but for once and away!' *'Tis but* is a most dangerous thing! How many guineas may be spent upon *'Tis but*, in the course of one year, in such a city as London!

CHAPTER II.

The Hope of the Spendthrift is in Procrastination.

BARGAINS, excellent bargains! were also with our heroine admirable

pleas for expence. 'We positively must buy this, my dear; for it would be a sin to let such a bargain slip through one's fingers. Mrs. Pimlico paid twice as much for what is not half as good. 'Twould be quite a shame to one's good sense to miss such a bargain!' Mrs. Ludgate was one of those ladies who think it is more reasonable to buy a thing because it is a bargain, than because they want it: she farther argued, 'if we don't want it, we may want it:' and this was a satisfactory plea.

Under the head bargains we must not forget *cheap-days*. Messieurs Run and Raffle advertised a sale of old shop goods, with the catching words—*cheap-days!*— Every body crowded to throw away their money on cheap-days; and, amongst the rest, Mrs. Ludgate.

One circumstance was rather disagreeable in these cheap-days: ready money was required; and this did not suit those who lived by the favourite maxim of the family. Yet there was a reason that

counterbalanced their objection in Mrs. Ludgate's mind: 'Mrs. Pimlico was going to Messieurs Run and Raffle's; and what would she think, if I was'nt to be there? She'd think, to be sure, that we were as poor as Job.' So, to demonstrate that she had ready money to throw away, Mrs. Ludgate must go to the cheap-days.

'Belle,' said her husband, 'ready money's a serious thing.'

'Yes, Leonard; but, when nothing else will be taken, you know, one can't do without it.'

'But, if one has not it, I tell you, one must do without,' said Leonard, peevishly.

'Lord, Mr. Ludgate, if you have not it about you, can't you send to Cranbourne-Alley, to Mr. Allen, for some for me? 'Tis but a few guineas I want; and 'twould be a shame to miss such bargains as are to be had for nothing, at Run and Raffle's. And these cheap-days are

extraordinary things. It can't ruin any body to spend a guinea or two, once and away, like other people.'

At the conclusion of her eloquent speech, Mrs. Ludgate rang the bell; and, without waiting for any assent from her husband but silence, bade the foot-boy run to *the shop*, and desire Allen to send her ten guineas immediately.

Mr. Ludgate looked sullen, whistled, and then posted himself at the parlour window to watch for the the embassador's return. 'I wonder,' continued Mrs. Ludgate, 'I wonder, Leonard, that you let Allen leave you so bare of cash of late! It is very disagreeable to be always sending out of the house, this way, for odd guineas. Allen, I think, uses you very ill; but I am sure I would not let him cheat me, if I was you. Pray, when you gave up the business of the shop to him, was not you to have half the profits for your good-will, and name, and all that?'

'Yes.'

'And little enough! But why don't you look after Allen, then, and make him pay us what he owes us?'

'I'll see about it to-morrow, child.'

'About how much do you think is owing to us?' pursued Mrs. Ludgate.

'I can't tell, ma'am.'

'I wish then you'd settle accounts to-morrow, that I might have some ready money.'

The lady seemed to take it for granted that her having ready money would be the necessary and immediate consequence of settling accounts with Allen: her husband could have put her right in this particular, and could have informed her that not a farthing was due to him; that, on the contrary, he had taken up money in advance, on the next half year's expected profits; but Mr. Ludgate was ashamed to let his wife know the real state of his affairs: indeed, he was afraid to look them in the face himself. 'Here's the boy coming back!' cried he, after watching for some time in silence at the window.

Leonard went to the street door to meet him; and Belle followed close, crying, 'Well! I hope Allen has sent me the money?' 'I don't know,' said the breathless boy. 'I have a letter for my master, here, that was written ready by good luck, afore I got there.'

Leonard snatched the letter, and his wife waited to see whether the money was enclosed.

'The rascal has sent me no money, I see, but a letter, and an account as long as my arm.'

'No money!' cried Belle. 'That's using us very oddly and ill, indeed; and I wonder you submit to such conduct! I declare I won't bear it! Go back, I say, Jack; go, run this minute, and tell Allen he must come up himself; for *I, Mrs. Ludgate, wants* to speak with him.'

'No, my dear, no; nonsense! don't go, Jack. What signifies your sending to speak with Allen? What can you do; how can you settle accounts with him? What should women know of business?

I wish women would never meddle with things they don't understand.'

'Women can understand well enough when they want money,' cried the sharp lady; 'and the short and the long of it is, Mr. Ludgate, that I will see and settle accounts with Allen myself; and bring him to reason, if you won't: and this minute too.'

'Bless me! Upon my faith, Allen's better than we thought: here's Bank-notes within the account,' said Mr. Ludgate.

'Aye, I thought he could not be so very impertinent as to to refuse, when *I* sent to him myself. But this is only one five pound-note: I sent for ten. Where is the other?'

'I want the other myself,' said her husband.

The tone was so peremptory, that she dared not tempt him further; and away she went to Messieurs Run and Raffle's, where she had the pleasure of buying a bargain of things that were of no manner of use to her, and for which she paid

twice as much as they were worth. These cheap days proved dear days to many.

Whilst Mrs. Ludgate spent the morning at Messrs. Run and Raffle's, her husband was with Tom Lewis, lounging up and down Bond-street. Tom Lewis, being just one step above him in gentility, was invited to parties where Ludgate could not gain admittance, was bowed to by people who never bowed to Leonard Ludgate, could tell whose livery and whose carriage this and that was, knew who every body was, and could point out my lord this, and my lady that, in the park or at the play. All these things made him a personage of prodigious consequence, in the eyes of our hero, who looked upon him as the mirror of fashion. Tom knew how to take advantage of this admiration, and borrowed many a guinea from him in their morning walks: in return, he introduced Mr. Ludgate to some of his friends, and to his club.

New occasions, or rather new necessities, for expence occurred every day, in

consequence of his connexion with Lewis. Whilst he aimed at being thought a young man of spirit, he could not avoid doing as other people did. He could not think of economy! That would be shabby! On his fortune rested his claims to respect from his present associates; and, therefore, it was his constant aim to raise their opinion of his riches. For some time, extravagance was not immediately checked by the want of money; because he put off the evil day of payment. At last, when bills poured in upon him, and the frequent calls of tradesmen began to be troublesome, he got rid of the present difficulty by referring them to Allen. 'Go to Allen; he must settle with you: he does all my business.'

Allen sent him account after account, stating the sums he paid by his order. Ludgate thrust the unread accounts into his escritoir, and thought no more of the matter. Allen called upon him, to beg he would come to some settlement, as he was getting more and more, every day,

into his debt. Leonard desired to have an account, stated in full, and promised to look over it on Monday; but Monday came, and then it was put off till Tuesday; and so on, day after day.

The more reason he had to know that his affairs were deranged, the more carefully he concealed all knowledge of them from his wife. Her ignorance of the truth not only led her daily into fresh extravagance, but was, at last, the cause of bringing things to a premature explanation. After spending the morning at Messrs. Run and Raffle's, she returned home with a hackney-coach full of bargains. As she came into the parlour, loaded with things that she did not want, she was surprised by the sight of an old friend, whom she had lately treated entirely as a stranger. It was Lucy, who had in former days been her favorite companion. But Lucy had chosen to work, to support herself independently, rather than to be a burthen to her friends; and Mrs. Ludgate could not take notice of a

person, who had degraded herself so far as to become a workwoman at an upholsterer's. She had consequently never seen Lucy, since this event took place, except when she went to Mr. Beech, the upholsterer's, to order her new furniture. She then was in company with Mrs. Pimlico; and, when she saw Lucy at work in a back parlour with two or three other young women, she pretended not to know her. Lucy could scarcely believe that this was done on purpose; and at all events she was not mortified by the insult. She was now come to speak to Mrs. Ludgate about the upholsterer's bill.

'Ha! Lucy, is it you?' said Mrs. Ludgate, as soon as she entered. 'I've never seen you in Weymouth-street before! How comes it you never called; if it was only to see our new house? I'm sure, I should always be very happy to have you here—when we've nobody with us;—and I'm quite sorry *as* I can't ask you to stay and take a bit of mutton with us to-day, because I'm engaged to dine in Bond-street, with

Mrs. Pimlico's cousin, pretty Mrs. Paget, the bride whom you've heard talk of, no doubt. So you'll excuse me if I run away from you, to make myself a little decent; for its horrid late!'

After running off this speech, with an air and a volubility worthy of her betters, she set before Lucy some of her bargains, and was then retreating to make herself decent; but Lucy stopped her, by saying,

'My dear Mrs. Ludgate, I am sorry to detain you, but Mr. Beech, the upholsterer, knowing I have been acquainted with you, has sent me to speak to you about his bill. He is in immediate want of money, because he is fitting out one of his sons for the East Indies.'

'Well! but his son's nothing to me! I shan't think of paying the bill yet, I can assure him; and you may take it back and tell him so.'

'But,' said Lucy, 'if I take back such an answer, I am afraid Mr. Beech will send the bill to Mr. Ludgate; and that

was what you particularly desired should not be done.'

'Why no; that's what I can't say I should particularly wish, just at present,' said Mrs. Ludgate, lowering her tone: 'because, to tell you a bit of a secret, Lucy, I've run up rather an unconscionable bill, this year, with my milliner and mantua-maker; and I would not have all *them* bills come upon him all in a lump, and on a sudden, as it were; especially as I laid out more on the furniture than he counts. So, my dear Lucy, I'll tell you what you must do: you must use your influence with Beech to make him wait a little longer. I'm sure he may wait well enough; and he shall be paid next month.'

Lucy declared that her influence, on the present occasion, would be of no avail; but she had the good nature to add—'If you are sure the bill can be paid next month, I will leave my two years salary in Mr. Beech's hands till then; and this will perhaps satisfy him, if he can get bills

from other people paid, to make up the money for his son. He said thirty guineas from you on account would do, for the present; and that sum is due to me.'

'Then, my dearest Lucy, for heaven's sake, do leave it in his hands! You were a good creature to think of it: but you always were a good creature.'

'Your mother used to be kind to me, when I was a child; and I am sure I ought not to forget it,' said Lucy; the tears starting into her eyes: 'and you were once kind to me; I do not forget that,' continued Lucy, wiping the tears from her cheeks. 'But do not let me detain you: you are in a hurry to dress, to go to Mrs. Pimlico's.'

'No—pray—I am not in a hurry now,' said Mrs. Ludgate, who had the grace to blush at this instant. 'But, if you must go, do take this hat along with you. I assure you, its quite *the rage*: I got it this morning at Run and Raffle's, and Mrs. Pimlico and Mrs. Paget have got the same.'

Lucy declined accepting the hat, not-

withstanding this strong and, as Mrs. Ludgate would have thought it, irresistible recommendation. 'Now you must have it: it will become you a thousand times better than that you have on,' cried Mrs. Ludgate, insisting the more the more Lucy withdrew; 'and besides you must wear it for my sake. You won't?—Then I take it very ill of you that you are so positive; for I assure you, whatever you may think, I wish to be as kind to you now as ever. Only, you know, one can't always, when one lives in another style, be at home as often as one wishes.'

Lucy relieved her *cidevant* friend from the necessity of making any more aukward apologies, by moving quickly towards the door. 'Then you won't forget,' continued Mrs. Ludgate, following her into the passage, 'you won't forget the job you are to do for me with Beech.'

'Certainly I shall not. I will do what I have promised: but I hope you will be punctual about the payment next month,' said Lucy, 'because I believe I shall be

in want of my money at that time. It is best to tell you exactly the truth.'

'Certainly! certainly! You shall have your money before you want it, long and long; and my only reason for borrowing it from you at all is that I don't like to trouble Mr. Ludgate, till he has settled accounts with Allen, who keeps all our money from us in a strange way; and, in my opinion, uses Leonard exceedingly ill and unfairly.'

'Allen!' cried Lucy, stopping short. 'Oh, Belle! How can you say so? How can you think so? But you know nothing of him; else you could not suspect him of using any one ill, or unfairly, much less your husband, the son of his old friend.'

'Bless me! how she runs on! and how she colours! I am sure, I didn't know I was upon such tender ground! I did not know Allen was such a prodigious favorite!'

'I only do him justice in saying that I am certain he could not do an unfair or unhandsome action.'

'I know nothing of the matter, I protest; only this—that short accounts they say make long friends; and I hope I shan't affront any body by saying it would be very convenient if he could be got to settle with Mr. Ludgate, who, I'm sure, is too much the gentleman to ask any thing from him but his own; which, indeed, if it was not for me, he'd be too genteel to mention. But, as I said before, short accounts make long friends; and, as you are so much Allen's friend, you can hint that to him.'

'I shall not hint, but say it to him as plainly as possible,' replied Lucy; 'and you may be certain that he will come to settle accounts with Mr. Ludgate before night.'

'I am sure I shall be mighty glad of it; and so will Mr. Ludgate,' said Belle; and so they parted.

Mrs. Ludgate with triumph announced to her husband, upon his return home, that she had brought affairs to a crisis with Allen; and that he would come to

settle his accounts this evening. The surprise and consternation, which appeared in Mr. Ludgate's countenance, convinced the lady that her interference was highly disagreeable.

CHAPTER III.

The Thoughtless are astonished at the Misfortunes their own Conduct ensures.

ALLEN came punctually, in the evening, to settle his accounts. When he and Leonard were by themselves, he could not help expressing some astonishment, mixed with indignation, at the hints which had been thrown out by Mrs. Ludgate.

'Why, she knows nothing of the matter,' said Ludgate. "' I've no notion of talking of such things to one's wife: it would only make her uneasy; and we shall be able to go on, some way or other. So let us have another bottle of wine, and talk no more of business for this night.'

Allen would by no means consent to put off the settlement of accounts, after what had passed. 'Short accounts,' said he, 'as Mrs. Ludgate observed, make long friends.'

It appeared, when the statement of affairs was completed, that Allen had advanced above three hundred pounds for Leonard; and bills to a large amount still remained unpaid.

Now it happened that Jack, the footboy, contrived to go in and out of the room several times, whilst Mr. Ludgate and Allen were talking; and he, finding it more for his interest to serve his master's tradesmen than his master, sent immediate notice, to all whom it might concern, that Mr. Ludgate's affairs were in a bad way; and that now or never must be the word, with his creditors. The next morning bills came showering in upon Leonard whilst he was at breakfast, and amongst them came sundry bills of Mrs. Ludgate's. They could not possibly have come at a more inauspicious moment.

People bespeak goods with one species of enthusiasm, and look over their bills with another. We should rather have said, people spend with one enthusiasm, and pay with another: but this observation would not apply to our present purpose, for Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate had never yet experienced the pleasure, or the pain, of paying their debts; they had hitherto been faithful to their maxim of—Spend to-day and pay to-morrow.

They agreed well in the beginning of their career of extravagance; but the very similarity of their tastes and habits proved ultimately the cause of the most violent quarrels. As they both were expensive, selfish, and self-willed, neither would, from regard to the other, forbear. Comparisons between their different degrees of extravagance commenced; and, once begun, they never ended. It was impossible to settle, to the satisfaction of either party, which of them was most to blame. Recrimination and reproaches were hourly and daily repeated; and the

lady usually ended by bursting into tears, and the gentleman by taking his hat and walking out of the house.

In the mean time, the bills must be paid. Mr. Ludgate was obliged to sell the whole of his interest in the shop in Cranbourne-alley; and the ready money he received from Allen was to clear him from all difficulties. Allen came to pay him this sum. 'Do not think me impertinent, Mr. Ludgate,' said he, taking him kindly by the hand, 'but I cannot for the soul of me help fearing for you. What *will* you do, when this money is gone? and go it must, at the rate you live, in a very short time.'

'You are very good, Sir,' replied Leonard, coldly, 'to interest yourself so much in my concerns; but I shall live at what rate I please. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs.'

After this repulse, Allen could interfere no farther. But, when two months had elapsed from the date of Mrs. Ludgate's promised payment of the uphol-

sterer's bill, Lucy resolved to call again upon Mrs. Ludgate. Lucy had now a particular occasion for the money: she was going to be married to Allen, and she wished to put into her husband's hands the little fortune which she had hardly earned by her own industry. From the time that Allen heard her conversation, when Belle came to view the house in Cranbourne-alley, he had been of opinion that she would make an excellent wife: and the circumstances, which sunk Lucy below Mrs. Ludgate's notice, raised her in the esteem and affection of this prudent and sensible young man. He did not despise—he admired her for going into a creditable business to make herself independant, instead of living as an humble companion with Mrs. Ludgate; of whose conduct and character she could not approve.

When Lucy called again upon Mrs. Ludgate, to remind her of her promise, she was received with evident confusion. She was employed in directing Mr.

Green, a builder, to throw out a bow in her dining-room; and to add a balcony to the windows: for Mrs. Pimlico had a bow, and a balcony; and how could Mrs. Ludgate live without them?

'Surely, my dear Mrs. Ludgate,' said Lucy, drawing her aside, so that the man who was measuring the windows could not hear what was said. 'Surely you will think of paying Mr. Beech's bill, as you promised, before you go into any new expence?'

'Hush! hush! don't speak so loud. Leonard is in the next room; and I would not have him hear any thing of Beech's bill, just when the man's here about the balcony, for any thing in the world!'

Lucy, though she was good-natured, was not so weak as to yield to airs and capricious extravagance; and Mrs. Ludgate at last, though with a bad grace, paid her the money, which she had intended to lay out in a very different manner. But no sooner had she paid this debt than she

considered how she could prevail upon Mr. Green to throw out the bow, and finish the balcony, without paying him for certain alterations he had made in the house in Cranbourne-alley, for which he had never yet received one farthing. It was rather a difficult business, for Mr. Green was a sturdy man, and used to regular payments. He resisted all persuasion, and Mrs. Ludgate was forced again to have recourse to Lucy.

'Do, my dear girl,' said she, 'lend me only twenty guineas for this positive man; else, you see, I cannot have my balcony.' This did not appear to Lucy the greatest of all misfortunes. 'But is it not much more disagreeable to be always in debt, and danger, than to live in a room without a balcony?' said Lucy.

'Why it is disagreeable, certainly, to be in debt, because of being dunned continually; but the reason I'm so anxious about the balcony is that Mrs. Pimlico has one, and that's the only thing in which her house is better than mine. Look just

over the way: do you see Mrs. Pimlico's beautiful balcony?'

Mrs. Ludgate, who had thrust her head far out of the window, pulling Lucy along with her, now suddenly drew back, exclaiming, 'Lord, if here is not that odious woman; I hope Jack won't let her in.'—She shut the window hastily, ran to the top of the stairs, and called out, 'Jack! I say Jack; don't let nurse in for your life.'

'Not if she has the child with her, Ma'am?' said Jack.

'No, no, I say!'

'Then that's a sin and a shame,' muttered Jack, 'to shut the door upon your own child.'

Mrs. Ludgate did not hear this reflection, because she had gone back to the man, who was waiting for directions about the balcony; but Lucy heard it distinctly. 'Ma'am, nurse *would* come in, for she says she saw you at the window; and here she is, coming up the stairs,' cried the footboy.

The nurse came in, with Mrs. Ludgate's child in her arms.

'Indeed, Madam,' said she, 'the truth of the matter is, I can't and won't be denied my own any longer: and it is not for my own sake I speak up so bold, but for the dear babe that I have here in my arms; that can't speak for itself; but only smile in your face, and stretch out its arms to you. I, that am only its nurse, can't bear it; but I have little ones of my own, and can't see them want. I can't do for them all: if I'm not paid my lawful due, how can I? And is it not fit I should think of my own flesh and blood first? So I must give up this one. I must!—I must!'—cried the nurse, kissing the child repeatedly, 'I must leave her to her mother.'

The poor woman laid the child down on the sofa, then turned her back upon it, and, hiding her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break. Lucy was touched with compassion; the mother stood abashed: shame struggled for

a few instants with pride; pride got the victory. 'The woman's out of her wits, I believe' cried Mrs. Ludgate. 'Mr. Green, if you'll please to call again to-morrow, we'll talk about the balcony. Lucy, give me the child, and don't you fall a-crying without knowing why, or wherefore. Nurse, I'm surprised at you! Did not I tell you I'd send you your money next week?'

'Oh, yes, Madam; but you have said so this many a week; and things are come to such a pass, now, that husband says I shall not bring back the child without the money.'

'What can I do?' said Mrs. Ludgate.

Lucy immediately took her purse out of her pocket, and whispered, 'I will lend you whatever you want to pay the nurse, upon condition that you will give up the scheme of the balcony.'

Mrs. Ludgate submitted to this condition; but she was not half so much obliged to Lucy for doing her this real service as she would have been if her friend

had assisted her in gratifying her vanity and extravagance. Lucy saw what passed in Mrs Ludgate's mind, and nothing but the sense of the obligations she lay under to Belle's mother could have prevented her from breaking off all connexion with her.

But Mrs. Ludgate was now much inclined to court Lucy's acquaintance, as her approaching marriage with Mr. Allen, who was in good circumstances, made her appear quite a different person. Mrs. Allen would be able, and she hoped willing, to assist her from time to time with money. With this view, Belle shewed Lucy a degree of attention, and civility, which she had disdained to bestow upon her friend, whilst she was in an inferior situation. It was in vain, however, that this would-be fine lady endeavoured to draw the prudent Lucy out of her own sphere of life: though Lucy was extremely pretty, she had no desire to be admired; she was perfectly satisfied and happy at home, and she and her husband lived according to

old Ludgate's excellent maxim—Out of debt out of danger.

We shall not weary our readers with the history of all the petty difficulties into which Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate's foolish extravagance led them. The life of the *shabby genteel* is most miserable! Servants wages unpaid, duns continually besieging the door, perpetual excuses, falsehoods to be invented, melancholy at home, and forced gaiety abroad! Who would live such a life? Yet all this Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate endured, for the sake of outshining Mr. and Mrs. Pimlico.

It happened that one night, at a party, Mrs. Ludgate caught a violent cold, and her face became enflamed and disfigured by red spots. Being to go to a ball in a few days, she was very impatient to get rid of the eruption; and in this exigency she applied to Mr. Pimlico, the perfumer, who had often supplied her with cosmetics, and who now recommended a beautifying lotion. This quickly cleared her complexion; but she soon felt the effects

of her imprudence: she was taken dangerously ill, and the physician who was consulted attributed her disease entirely to the preparation she had applied to her face. Whilst she was ill, an execution was brought against Mr. Ludgate's goods. Threatened with a jail, and incapable of taking any vigorous measures to avoid distress, he went to consult his friend, Tom Lewis. How this Mr. Lewis lived was matter of astonishment to all his acquaintance: he had neither estate, business, nor any obvious means of supporting the expense in which he indulged.

'What a happy dog you are, Lewis,' said our hero: 'How is it that you live better than I do?'

'You might live as well as I, if you were inclined,' said Lewis.

Our hero was all curiosity; and Lewis exacted from him an oath of secresy.—— A long pause ensued.——

'Have you the courage,' said Lewis, 'to extricate yourself from all your difficulties at once?'

'To be sure I have; since I must either go to jail, this night, or raise two hundred guineas for these cursed fellows!'

'You shall have it in half an hour,' said Lewis, 'if you will follow my advice.'

'Tell me at once what I am to do, and I will do it', cried Leonard. 'I will do any thing to save myself from disgrace, and from a jail.'

Lewis, who now perceived his friend was worked up to the pitch he wanted, revealed the whole mystery. He was connected with a set of gentlemen, ingenious in the arts of forgery, from whom he purchased counterfeit bank-notes at a very cheap rate. The difficulty and risk of passing them was extreme; therefore the confederates were anxious to throw this part of the business off their hands. Struck with horror at the idea of becoming an accomplice in such a scheme of villainy, Leonard stood pale and silent; incapable of even thinking distinctly. Lewis was sorry that he had opened his mind so fully.

'Remember your oath of secresy!' said he.

'I do,' replied Ludgate.

'And remember that you must become one of us, before night, or go to jail.'

'Ludgate said he would take an hour to consider of the business, and here they parted; Lewis promising to call at his house before evening, to learn his final decision.—

'And am I to come to this?' thought the wretched man. 'Would to heaven I had followed my poor father's maxim! but is is now too late.'

Mr. Ludgate, when he arrived at home, shut himself up in his own room, and continued walking backwards and forwards, for nearly an hour, in a state of mind more dreadful than can be described. Whilst he was in this situation, some one knocked at the door. He thought it was Lewis, and trembled from head to foot. It was only a servant with a parcel of bills, which several tradesmen, hearing that an execution was in the house, had

hastened to present for payment. Among them were those of Mr. Beech the upholder and Mrs. Ludgates' milliner and mantua-maker; which, having been let to run on for above two years and a half, now amounted to a sum that astonished and shocked Mr. Ludgate. He could not remonstrate with his wife, or even vent his anger in reproaches, for she was lying senseless in her bed.

Before he had recovered from this shock, and whilst the tradesmen who brought the bills were still waiting for their money, Lewis and one of his companions arrived. Lewis came to the point immediately. He produced bank-notes sufficient to discharge all his debts; and proposed to lend him this money, on condition that he would enter into the confederacy, as he had proposed. All that we ask of you is to pass a certain number of notes for us every week. You will find this to your advantage; for we will allow you considerable percentage, besides freeing you from your present embarrassments.

'The sight of the bank-notes, the pressure of immediate distress, and the hopes of being able to support the style of life in which he had of late appeared, all conspired to tempt Ludgate. When he had, early in life, vaunted to his young companions that he despised his father's old maxim, while he repeated his own, they applauded his spirit. They were not present, at this instant, to pity the wretched state into which that spirit had betrayed him. But our hero has yet much greater misery to endure. It is true, his debts were now paid; and he was ableto support an external appearance of affluence: but not one day, not one night, could he pass without suffering the horrors of a guilty conscience, and all the terrors which haunt the man who sees himself in hourly danger of detection. He determined to keep his secret cautiously from his wife: he was glad that she was confined to her bed, at this time, lest her prying curiosity should discover what was going forward. The species of affection

which he had once felt for her, had not survived the first six months of their marriage: and their late disputes had rendered this husband and wife absolutely odious to each other. Each believed, and indeed pretty plainly asserted, that they could live more handsomely asunder: but, alas! they were united for better and for worse.

Mrs. Ludgate's illness terminated in another eruption on her face. She was extremely mortified by the loss of her beauty; especially as Mrs. Pimlico frequently contrasted her face with that of Mrs. Paget, who was now acknowledged to be the handsomest woman of Mrs. Pimlico's acquaintance. She endeavoured to make herself of consequence by fresh expence. Mr. Ludgate, to account for the sudden payment of his debts, and the affluense in which he now appeared to live, spread a report of his having had a considerable legacy left to him by a relation, who had died in a distant part of England. The truth of the report was

not questioned; and for some time Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were the envy of their acquaintance. How little the world, as it is called, can judge, by external appearances, of the happiness of those who excite admiration or envy!

'What lucky people the Ludgates are!' cried Mrs. Pimlico. The exclamation was echoed by a crowded card-party, assembled at her house. 'But then,' continued Mrs. Pimlico, 'it is a pity poor Belle is so disfigured by that scurvy, or whatever it is, in her face. I remember the time when she was as pretty a woman as you could see: nay, would you believe it, she had once as fine a complexion as young Mrs. Paget!'

These observations circulated quickly, and did not escape Mrs. Ludgate's ear. Her vanity was deeply wounded; and her health appeared to her but a secondary consideration, in comparison with the chance of recovering her lost complexion. Mr. Pimlico, who was an eloquent perfumer, persuaded her that

her former illness had nothing to do with the beautifying lotion she had purchased at his shop; and, to support his assertions, he quoted examples of innumerable ladies, of high rank and fashion, who were in the constant habit of using this admirable preparation. The vain and foolish woman, notwithstanding the warnings which she had received from the physician who attended her during her illness, listened to the oratory of the perfumer, and bought half a dozen bottles of another kind of beautifying lotion. The eruption vanished from her face, after she had used the cosmetic; and, as she did not feel any immediate bad effects upon her health, she persisted in the practice for some months. The consequence was at last dreadful. She was found one morning speechless in her bed, with one side of her face distorted and motionless. During the night, she had been seized with a paralytic stroke: in a few days, she recovered her speech; but her face continued totally disfigured.

This was the severest punishment that could have been inflicted on a woman of her character. She was now ashamed to shew herself abroad, and incapable of being contented at home. She had not the friendship of a husband, or the affection of children to afford her consolation and support. Her eldest child was a boy of about five years old, her youngest four. They were as fretful and troublesome as children usually are, whose education has been totally neglected; and the quarrels between them and Jack the foot-boy were endless, for Jack was alternately their tutor and their play-fellow.

Besides the disorder created in this family by mischievous children, the servants were daily plagues. Nothing was ever done by them well, or regularly; and, though the master and mistress scolded without mercy, and perpetually threatened to turn Jack or Sukey away, yet no reformation in their manners was produced; for Jack and Sukey's wages were not paid, and they felt that they had the power in

their own hands: so that they were rather the tyrants than the servants of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

The End of Vice is Shame and Misery.

MRS. LUDGATE's temper, which never was sweet, was soured to such a degree, by these accumulated evils, that she was insufferable. Her husband kept out of the way as much as possible: he dined and supped at his club, or at the tavern; and, during the evenings and mornings, he was visible at home but for a few minutes. Yet, though his time was passed entirely away from his wife, his children, and his home, he was not happy. His life was a life of perpetual fraud and fear. He was bound by his engagements with Lewis to pass, for the confederates, a certain number of forged notes every day.

This was a perilous task! His utmost exertions and ingenuity were continually necessary to escape detection; and, after all, he was barely able to wrest, from the hard hands of his *friends*, a sufficient profit upon his labour to maintain himself. How often did he look back, with regret, to the days when he stood behind the counter in his father's shop. Then, he had in Allen a real friend; but, now, he had only in Lewis a profligate and unfeeling associate. Lewis cared for no one but himself; and he was as avaricious as he was extravagant: greedy of what belonged to others, prodigal of his own.

One night, Leonard went to the house where the confederates met, to settle with them for the last parcel of notes that he had passed. Lewis insisted upon being paid for his services before Ludgate should touch a farthing. Words ran high between them: Lewis, having the most influence with his associates, carried his point; and Leonard, who was in want of ready money, could supply himself only by en-

gaging to pass double the usual quantity of forged notes, during the ensuing month. Upon this condition, he obtained the supply for which he solicited. Upon his return home, he locked up the forged notes as usual in his escritoir.

It happened the very next morning that Mrs. La Mode, the milliner, called upon Mrs. Ludgate. The ruling passion still prevailed, notwithstanding the miserable state to which this lady was reduced. Even palsy could not deaden her personal vanity: her love of dress survived the total loss of her beauty; she became accustomed to the sight of her distorted features, and was still anxious to wear what was most genteel and becoming. Mrs. La Mode had not a more constant visitor.

'How are you, Mrs. Ludgate, this morning,' said she. 'But I need not ask, for you look surprising well. I just called to tell you a bit of a secret, that I have told to nobody else: but you, being such a friend and a favourite, have a right to

know it. You must know, I am going next week to bring out a new spring hat; and I have made one of my girls bring it up, to consult with you before any body else; having a great opinion of your taste and judgment: though it is a thing must not be mentioned, because it would ruin me with Mrs. Pimlico, who made me swear she should have the first sight.'

Flattered by having the first sight of the spring hat, Mrs. Ludgate was prepossessed in its favour; and, when she tried it on, she thought it made her look ten years younger. In short, it was impossible not to take one of the hats; though it cost three guineas, and was not worth ten shillings.

'Positively, ma'am, you must *patronise* my spring hat,' said the milliner.

Mrs. Ludgate was decided by the word patronise; she took the hat, and desired that it should be set down in her bill: but Mrs. La Mode was extremely concerned that she had made a rule, nay a vow, not to take any thing but ready money for the

spring hats; and she could not break her vow, even for her favourite Mrs. Ludgate. This was at least a prudent resolution in the milliner, who had lately received notice, from Mr. Ludgate, not to give his wife any goods upon credit, for that he was determined to refuse payment of her bills. The wife, who was now in a weak state of health, was not able as formerly to fight her battles with her husband upon equal terms. To cunning, the refuge of weakness, she had recourse; and she considered that, though she could no longer out-scold, she could still out-wit her adversary. She could not have the pleasure and honour of patronising the spring hat, without ready money to pay for it; her husband, she knew, had always bank-notes in his escritoir; and she argued with herself that it was better to act without his consent than against it. She went and tried, with certain keys of her own, to open Leonard's desk; and open it came. She seized from a parcel of bank-notes as many as she wanted, and paid

Mrs. La Mode with three of them for the spring hat. When her husband came home the next day, he did not observe that he had lost any of the notes; and, as he went out of the house again without once coming into the parlour where his wife was sitting, she excused herself to her conscience, for not telling him of the freedom she had taken, by thus thinking:

It will do as well to tell him of it to-morrow: a few notes, out of such a parcel as he has in the desk locked up from me, can't signify; and he'll only bluster and bully when I do tell him of it, so let him find it out when he pleases.

The scheme of acting without her husband's consent in all cases, where she was morally certain that if she asked she could not obtain it, Mrs. Ludgate had often pursued with much success. A few days after she had bought the spring hat, she invited Mrs. Pimlico, Mrs. Paget, and all her genteel friends, to tea and cards. Her husband, she knew, would be out of her way at his club, or at the tavern. Mrs. Pim-

lico, and Mrs. Paget, and all their genteel friends, did Mrs. Ludgate the honour to wait upon her on the appointed evening, and she had the satisfaction to appear upon this occasion in the new spring hat; while her friend, Mrs. Pimlico, whispered to young Mrs. Paget:

'She patronise the new spring hat! What a fool Mrs. La Mode makes of her! A death's head in a wreath of roses! How frightfully ridiculous!'

Unconscious that she was an object of ridicule to the whole company, Mrs. Ludgate sat down to cards in unusually good spirits, firmly believing Mrs. La Mode's comfortable assertion, "that the spring hat made her look ten years younger." She was in the midst of a panegyric, upon Mrs. La Mode's taste, when Jack, the foot-boy, came behind her chair, and whispered, that three men were below, who desired to speak to her immediately.

'Men! Gentlemen, do you mean?' said Mrs. Ludgate.

'No, ma'am, not gentlemen.'

'Then send them away about their business dunce,' said the lady. 'Some tradesfolks, I suppose; tell them I am engaged with company.'

'But, ma'm, they will not leave the house without seeing you, or Mr. Ludgate.'

'Let them wait, then, till Mr. Ludgate comes in. I have nothing to say to them. What's their business, pray?'

'It is something about a note, ma'am, that you gave to Mrs. La Mode, the other day.'

'What about it?' said Mrs. Ludgate, putting down her cards.

'They say it is a bad note.'

'Well, I'll change it; bid them send it up.'

'They won't part with it, ma'am: they would not let it out of their hands, even to let me look at it for an instant.'

'What a riot about a pound note,' said Mrs. Ludgate, rising from the card-table: 'I'll speak to the fellows myself.'

She had recourse again to her hus-

band's desk; and, armed with a whole handful of fresh bank-notes, she went to the strangers. They told her that they did not want, and would not receive, any note in exchange for that which they produced; but that, as it was a forgery, they must insist upon knowing from whom she had it. There was an air of mystery and authority about the strangers, which alarmed Mrs. Ludgate; and, without attempting any evasion, she said that she took the note from her husband's desk, and that she could not tell from whom he received it. The strangers declared that they must wait till Mr. Ludgate should return home. She offered to give them a guinea to drink, if they would go away quietly; but this they refused. Jack, the footboy, whispered that they had pistols, and that he believed they were Bow-street officers.

They went into the back parlour to wait for Mr. Ludgate; and the lady, in extreme perturbation, returned to her company and her cards. In vain she attempted

to resume her conversation about the spring hat, and to conceal the agitation of her spirits. It was observed by all her *friends*; and especially by Mrs. Pimlico, whose curiosity was strongly excited to know the cause of her alarm. Mrs. Ludgate looked frequently at her watch, and even yawned without ceremony, more than once, to manifest her desire that the company should depart; but no hints availed. The card-players resolutely kept their seats, and even the smell of extinguishing candles had no effect upon their callous senses.

The time appeared insupportably long to the wretched mistress of the house; and the contrast between her fantastic head-dress and her agonising countenance every minute became more striking.

Twelve o'clock struck. 'It is growing very late,' said Mrs. Ludgate.

'But we must have another rubber,' said Mrs. Pimlico.

She began to deal; a knock was heard at the door. 'There's Mr. Ludgate, I do suppose,' said Mrs. Pimlico, continuing

her deal. Mrs. Ludgate left her cards, and went out of the room without speaking. She stopped at the head of the staircase, for she heard a scuffle and loud voices below. Presently all was silent, and she ventured down, when she heard the parlour door shut. The footman met her in the passage.

'What is the matter?' said she.

'I don't know; but I must be paid my wages,' said he, 'or must pay myself.'

He passed on rudely. She half opened the parlour door, and looked in: her husband was lying back on the sofa, seemingly stupified by despair: one of the Bow-street officers was chafing his temples, another was rummaging his desk, and the third was closely examining certain notes, which he had just taken from the prisoner's pockets.

'What is the matter?' cried Mrs. Ludgate, advancing. Her husband lifted up his eyes, saw her, started up, and stamping furiously, exclaimed, 'Cursed, cursed woman! you have brought me to the gal-

lows, and all for this trumpery!' cried he, snatching her gaudy hat from her head, and trampling it under his feet. 'For this—for this! you vain, you ugly creature, you have brought your husband to the gallows!'

One of the Bow-street officers caught hold of his uplifted arm, which trembled with rage. His wife sunk to the ground; a second paralytic stroke deprived her of the power of speech. As they were carrying her up stairs, Mrs. Pimlico and the rest of the company came out of the dining-room, some of them with cards in their hands, all eagerly asking what was the matter? When they learnt that the Bow-street officers were in the house, and that Mr. Ludgate was taken into custody for uttering forged bank-notes, there was a general uproar. Some declared it was shocking! others protested it was no more than might have been expected! The Ludgates lived so much above their circumstances! Then, he was such a coxcomb; and she such a poor vain crea-

ture! Better for people to do like their neighbours: to make no shew, and live honestly!

In the midst of these effusions of long suppressed envy, some few of the company attempted a slight word or two of apology for their host and hostess; and the most humane went up to the wretched woman's bed-chamber, to offer assistance and advice. But the greater number were occupied in tucking up their white gowns, finding their clogs, or calling for hackney coaches. In less than a quarter of an hour the house was cleared of all Mrs. Ludgate's *friends*. And it is to please such friends that whole families ruin themselves by unsuitable expence.

Lucy and Allen were not, however, of this class of friends. A confused report of what had passed, the preceding night, was spread the next morning in Cranbourne-alley, by a young lady, who had been at Mrs. Ludgate's route. The moment the news reached Allen's shop, he and Lucy resolved to go immediately to

offer their assistance to the unfortunate family. When they got to Weymouth-street, they gave only a single knock at the door, that they might not create any alarm. They were kept waiting a considerable time; and at last the door was opened by a slip-shod cook-maid, who seemed to be but just up, though it was near eleven o'clock. She shewed them into the parlour, which was quite dark; and, whilst she was opening the shutters, told them that the house had been up all night, what with the Bow-street officers and her mistress's fits. Her master, she added, was carried off to prison, she believed. Lucy asked who was with Mrs. Ludgate; and whether she could go up to her room?

'There's nobody with her, Ma'am, but nurse, that called by chance early this morning, to see the children, and had the good-nature to stay to help, and has been sitting in mistress's room, whilst I went to my bed. I'll step up and see if you can go in, Ma'am.'

They waited for some time in the par-

lour, where every thing looked desolate and in disorder. The ashes covered the hearth; the poker lay upon the table, near Mr. Ludgate's desk, the lock of which had been broken open; a brass flat-candlestick, covered with tallow, was upon the window-seat; and beside it a broken cruet of vinegar: a cravat, and red silk handkerchief, which had been taken from Mr. Ludgate's neck when he swooned, lay under the table. Lucy and her husband looked at one another for some moments, without speaking. At last Allen said, 'We had better lock up this press, where there are silver spoons and china; for there is nobody now left to take care of any thing, and the creditors will be here soon to seize all they can.' Lucy said that she would go up into the dining-room, and take an inventory of the furniture. In the dining-room, she found Jack the foot-boy collecting shillings from beneath the candlesticks on the card-tables: the two little children were sitting on the floor, the girl playing with a pack of cards, the boy

drinking the dregs of a decanter of white wine.—'Poor children! Poor creatures!' said Lucy, 'is there nobody to take care of you?'

'No; nobody but Jack,' said the boy, 'and he's going away. Papa's gone I don't know where; and mama's not up yet, so we have had no breakfast.'

The cook maid came in to say that Mrs. Ludgate was awake, and sensible now; and would be glad to see Mrs. Allen, if she'd be so good as to walk up. Lucy told the children, who clung to her, that she would take them home with her, and give them some breakfast, and then hastened up stairs. She was not one of those ladies, of affected or useless sensibility, who cannot, even when they may afford assistance, bear the sight of misery or suffering. She found her wretched friend humbled indeed to the lowest state of imbecile despair. Her speech had returned, but she spoke with difficulty, and scarcely so as to be intelligible. The good natured nurse supported her in the bed, say-

ing repeatedly, 'Keep a good heart, Madam; keep a good heart! Don't let your spirits sink so as this, and all may be well yet.'

'Oh Lucy! Lucy! What will become of me now? What a change is here! And nobody to help or advise me! Nobody upon earth! I am forsaken by all the world.'

'Not forsaken by me,' said Lucy, in a soothing voice.

'What noise is that below?' cried Mrs. Ludgate.

Lucy went down stairs to enquire, and found that, as Allen had foretold, the creditors were come to seize all they could find. Allen undertook to remain with them, and to bring them to some settlement; whilst Lucy had her unfortunate friend and the two children removed immediately to her own house.

As to Mr. Ludgate, there was no hope for him; the proofs of his guilt were manifest and incontrovertible. The forged

note, which his wife had taken from his desk and given to the milliner, was one which had not gone through certain mysterious preparations. It was a bungling forgery. The plate would doubtless have been retouched, had not this bill been prematurely circulated by Mrs. Ludgate: thus her vanity led to a discovery of her husband's guilt. All the associates, in Lewis's iniquitous confederacy, suffered the just punishment of their crimes. Many applications were made to obtain a pardon for Leonard Ludgate: but the executive power preserved that salutary firmness which has not, upon any similar occasion, ever been relaxed.

Lucy and Allen, those real friends, who would not encourage Mrs. Ludgate in extravagance, now, in the hour of adversity and repentance, treated her with the utmost tenderness and generosity. They were economical, and therefore could afford to be generous. All the wants of this destitute widow were supplied from the profits

of their industry: they nursed her with daily humanity, bore with the peevishness of disease, and did all in their power to soothe the anguish of unavailing remorse.

Nothing could be saved from the wreck of Mr. Ludgate's fortune, for the widow: but Allen, in looking over old Ludgate's books, had found and recovered some old debts, which Leonard, after his father's death, thought not worth looking after. The sum amounted to about three hundred and twenty pounds. As the whole concern had been made over to him, he could lawfully have appropriated this money to his own use; but he reserved it for his friend's children. He put it out to interest; and in the mean time he and Lucy, not only clothed and fed, but, educated these orphans, with their own children, in habits of economy and industry. The orphans repaid, by their affection and gratitude, the care that was bestowed upon them; and, when they grew up, they retrieved

the credit of their family, by living according to their grandfather's useful maxim—

"Out of debt out of danger."

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